NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

BISDON DEL. SC.

VOL. IX.—No. 7. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

WE ALL ARE UNION MEN.

A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

AIR—*Yankee Doodle*

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO FRANK QUEEN,

BY JOHN F. POOLE, DRAMATIST.

["The question which now agitates our country is not one of politics, but for the preservation of the Union entire. We have no politics now—we have no Lincoln men—no Bell men—no Breckenridge men. We are all Union men, determined to support the government of the United States."—*Answer to Correspondent in* N. Y. CLIPPER, *of May* 18th.]

THE day for party strife is o'er;
No more of class or faction,
Of creeds or sects we'll think no more,
The time is now for action—
For action 'gainst a traitor horde,
With them no words we'll bandy,
Our argument shall be the sword,
And Yankee doodle dandy.
Yankee doodle, strike again;
Volunteers so handy,
We are now all Union men,
For Yankee doodle dandy.

We have but one party now,
Holding no communion
With the rebel rogues who vow
To split our glorious Union:
Who dared insult that mighty flag
We've often found so handy,
And raised their foul secession rag
'Gainst Yankee doodle dandy.
Yankee doodle, strike again,
Ready heart and hand, we
Now are all true Union men,
For Yankee doodle dandy.

We have but one common cause,
Our country's constitution,
Our flag, our Union, and the laws,
Each glorious institution—
Columbia's pride, Columbia's boast,
The glory of our land, we
Will uphold them, and our toast
Be Yankee doodle dandy.
Yankee doodle, that's the cry,
For Union men so handy,
Beat the foe, or nobly die,
For Yankee doodle dandy.

When came the first of war's alarms,
"The Capital's in danger,"
A million freemen sprang to arms,
Each one to fear, a stranger—
But General Scott, that hero tough,
Says: "Though you come quite handy,
One hundred thousand's quite enough
For Yankee doodle dandy."
Yankee Doodle, that's the air,
Shout it through the land; we
Kind o' had the rebels there,
With Yankee doodle dandy.

The Southron men may talk of fight,
May brag, and swear, and bustle,
But on our side we've might and right,
We've money, and we've muscle;
From every land our ranks are full,
We've Pat, and Hans, and Sandy,
And Jean Crapeau, and Johnny Bull,
And Yankee doodle dandy.
Yankee doodle, who can cope
'Gainst us on sea or land? he
Little recks the world's hope
Is Yankee doodle dandy.

Of those 'gainst Sumter's seventy, who
Six thousand men paraded,
I'd like to ask: "What can you do,
With all your ports blockaded?
Now aint you in a pretty fix,
Hemmed in by men as handy
As those who fought in seventy-six
For Yankee doodle dandy."
Yankee doodle, let it ring,
Until each Southron grandee,
We to his knees for pardon bring
To Yankee doodle dandy.

"No compromise!" is now the cry
Of each true-hearted yeoman,
All are resolved to do or die,
No quarter give the foeman:
For those who war upon us bring
A rope will be found handy,
They'll take a bullet or a swing
From Yankee doodle dandy.
Yankee doodle, strike again,
No words with traitors bandy,
We are now all Union men,
For Yankee doodle dandy.

THE DESPERATE STAKE

OR

THE LAST HAND IN THE GAME OF LIFE.

A TALE OF NEW YORK NOW-A-DAYS.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF VICE AND VIRTUE IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS; LOVE, MURDER, AMBITION, REVENGE, THE THIRST FOR GOLD, INCENDIARISM, THE FIREMEN, TRACT SOCIETIES, POLITICS, POLICE, THE UPPER AND THE LOWER CRUST, THE COURT, THE PRISON, ETC., ETC.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JOHN F. POOLE,

Dramatist.

CHAPTER VII—CONTINUED.

With these words he passed out.

"What the blazes are you standing there for?" he cried to the listeners on the landing.

They one and all scattered.

When Mrs. Stone returned Amy, told her that the landlord had called and desired to have his rent paid within a week. His insulting offer she kept a secret, for she knew her mother's high spirit would not brook such an outrage.

The Hon. Capt. Formesley and his new bride stopped at the Union Place Hotel. A tour through Europe was the plan projected for spending the honeymoon. A few days after the marriage had been consummated, during the absence of the Captain, a visitor waited on the bride.

The visitor was a flashy dressed young fellow, whose close cropped hair, square moustache and rolling gait proclaimed the "rough."

Entering the parlor in which Evaline was seated, perusing "The Brigand's Bride," the latest issue from the prolific press of Smuggs, Blather & Co., "all bound in blue and gold array"—he doffed his hat and dropped into a chair as coolly as if he were in a bar-room.

"Who are you?" asked Evaline, starting to her feet at the intrusion.

"Me, madam, is it you mean? I'm Christopher Shay; my mother used to call me Kit Shay; but the boys around Mulberry street call me Cully Shay."

"And what do you want here? Do you not know, fellow, that this parlor is occupied by Capt. Formesley, my husband?"

"Oh yes, I know it; that's why I come here. I want to see him; we're old acquaintances, we are."

"How dare you intrude? Begone instantly, presumptuous rascal, or I shall ring the bell for assistance, and have you driven forth."

"Keep cool, ma'am; that's the best way. I've called to see my old chum, and I'm going to wait till he comes in. If he don't come to-day I'll go away and call to-morrow."

"The man's mad," she said half aloud.

"Maybe I am mad, and then agin maybe I ain't. If you knew the jo'lly old sprees myself and your husband used to have together; the rousing times and free-an'-easys, cock-fights, ratting matches, sparring cribs, and such bully old places, you'd think I wasn't."

"Will you go, sir, or must I have you thrust out?"

"Well, I guess I'll stay where I am. You may ring the bell, but they'll have a high old time a gettin' me out. I'm some kidney taters on a hill when I'm on my muscle once; you may bet your little pile on that," said Cully Shay, jumping up and striking a milling attitude.

Evaline approached the bell cord, but suddenly stopped.

"Oh, my husband," she said. "Now, fellow, you shall rue your insolence."

The Captain entered.

"Hullo, Ralph, how goes it?" cried Shay, precisely in the same tone as if he had met him at the bar of the "Sink."

The Captain started as if he had been shot.

"Damnation, he here!" he muttered to himself.

"What do you mean, sir? What is your business here? Who are you? What are you?" he asked aloud, and adding in an undertone, "Go out. I'll meet you below in a few minutes."

"It won't do, my bully boy, that cock won't fight, not by a three quart jug-full," was the cool response.

"For heaven's sake go. I'll see you in a moment. I'll pay you, but go now," he pleaded aside to Shay.

"If I go until I've spoken my mind, may I be chopped up into broken glass and sold to the devil to scrape his horns. Ralph Rayton, I saved your life once, and put myself in the way of a stone box at the opera house up the river to serve you; when I met you a few nights since I was hard up, I asked you for a loan, you cut me dead. I ain't hard up now. I've made a raise. I don't want money, but I've come here for satisfaction," said Shay, in a resolute tone.

"Will you go?"

"No!"

"Then by Jove you must. Evaline, my love, retire to your room. This is a crazy fellow. He has evidently escaped from some lunatic asylum. It is plain he labors under the hallucination that I am one of his acquaintances."

"Oh, be careful, Max dear. Shall I ring the bell for help?" she asked, approaching the bell cord once more.

"No, no, not for your life. That is not for his life; fear sometimes acts fatally on demented persons," he answered quickly.

"Ralph Rayton, you're a bloody villain, and a bloody liar to boot. Ring the bell, ma'am—ring it, fetch this whole roomful here, I want to tell them all that your husband, the Captain, is Ralph Rayton, the escaped convict," cried Shay.

"The man raves," cried Rayton. "Will you go?" he asked once more.

"If I do I'm a Kyoodle."

"Then take this." Quick as thought Rayton drew from his breast a small poignard and aimed a blow at the heart of his tormentor, but Shay was watching for some such movement; with the rapidity of lightning he grasped the descending arm, and dealing his would-be assassin a powerful blow full in the face, laid him prostrate.

"That's what I call checking the bulgine," he said cooly. "Ha, Ralph Rayton, I saved your life; you would take mine, but I blocked your game that time, and I've another good card to follow it up," and he produced a revolver loaded and capped. "I call this my bluff game perwentative."

As her husband sank to the ground, Evaline, with a shriek of terror, fell back on the lounge by which she stood. Shay pocketed his "perwentative" again.

"Now listen to what I tell yer, young woman; as sure as there's a God in heaven, the man you're married to is an escaped convict; his name is not Formesley, but Rayton. I saved him when the police were after him, and he might have swung as high and dry as an eel-skin on a flag-staff. Ha, ha! isn't it nice? the wife of an old jail bird."

"Fiends seize you!" cried Rayton, rising, dagger in hand.

"Oh, lie down, lie down!" and another sockdolager flattened him.

Cully Shay darted out, just as a couple of domestics, called hither by the shriek of Evaline, rushed up the stairs. As he bolted down, they attempted to stop him, but a well aimed right and left hander sent them reeling, and he reached the street unmolested.

Evaline sat like one stunned by a sudden thunder-clap. The words she had heard terrified her. Rayton arose and approached her. She shrank from him.

"Do not touch me!" she cried, "do not touch me! not now! not now!"

"Why, Evaline, surely the words of that raving ruffian have left no impression upon you?" he said, stooping to take her hand.

"Oh, do not touch me now. Oh, Heaven! a convict's wife!" she sobbed aloud.

"Pooh, pooh! this is nonsense. Evaline, because a crazy wretch enters here and tells you a tissue of falsehoods, am I, your husband, to be repulsed? You cannot believe this story to be true."

"I do believe it, I feel that it is so. Oh, let me, to-night, rest in peace; to-morrow I may think better of it, and deem his words but idle ravings."

"Well, it shall be as you wish. I know that to-morrow your better judgment will come to reprove you for wronging your husband by suspicious thoughts."

That night the newly wedded couple slept in separate apartments. Next morning, shortly after daybreak, Evaline was on her way to her late home, to relate to her mother, Mrs. Consuelo Tenpercent, the circumstances of the previous day.

When the Honorable bridegroom arose, his new rib was *non est inventus*.

CHAPTER IX.

Saturday Night at a "Free and Easy"—Danny Donohoe sings a Ditty—The Bunch of Fives—A Hypermetrical Success—A Recitation Interrupted—The Fiend and the Spouter—A Jolly Good Song, and jolly well sung—Danny meets with an Unfortunate Damsel, and gets Roughly Handled—The Slung Shot at Work—An Elderly Gentleman in Trouble—Not Dead, but Uncomfortably Near it.

IT was Saturday night. In a large room in Centre street were seated some eighty to a hundred persons. The furniture of the room consisted of a row of tables along the centre, a quantity of chairs each side of the row, and a number of benches placed against the wall. The walls were ornamented with pictures of champions of the P. R. Dogs famous for quick time in the despatching of rats, hunting scenes, pedestrian heroes, and fast sailing clippers. On the tables in the centre were numerous tumblers of "inspiration," boxes of matches, and two large pitchers of water. At each end, on seats slightly elevated above the rest, sat a man wielding a small hammer similar to that formerly in use among auctioneers.

It was a "Free and Easy."

One of the merry company had just finished a song, wherein he begged a young lady, by name Jane, "to meet him in the evening, when the bloom was on the rye," and now stopped to take a swig of "old rye," calculated to add materially to the bloom upon his nose.

"What shall we have the pleasure of saying after that excellent song?" asked one of the elevated gents.

"Luck in a bag, shake it out as you want it!" was the modest response.

The man with the hammer repeated the sentence, and the company on each side of the table looked at each other through the bottoms of their glasses.

"Who shall we name for the next song?" asked the hammer chap.

"The first gent on your right."

"Is it me you mane?" cried the voice of Danny Donohoe, as he dropped his empty tumbler.

"Hof course hit is!" said the elevated cove at the other end.

"Arrah, the divil a song I can sing."

"Harrah, why can't you? sure, hit's haisy henough," cried the elevated cove, endeavoring to imitate Danny's brogue, in a style which showed still more the real Bow-bell Cockney.

"A song! a song!" cried all.

"Well, boys, jewels, I won't be afther disappointin' yez."

"Order, order for the next song!" exclaimed the hammer-ous chaps, together.

Danny commenced in a style that would have put Brignoli to the blush, had Brignoli happened in just about then.

"Onct there was a grate king, in Kilkenny he ru'ed,
An' he lived in a castle, full av silver an' goold,
It had guns, gates an' bridges, an' battlemints tall,
Wid a thirty fut ditch, an' a forty fut wall.

CHORUS—Ri-to-ral-i-oo-ral, etc.

Now the raison he built it so strong an' so stout,
An' digs this big ditch so wide all round about,
Was bekase by some blaggards won day he was tould
That the Saxons wor comin' to fight him so bould.

Whin he hard the grate news, to the castle he runs,
An' he called out his min wid swoords, pistils an' guns,
Then he set all the blacksmiths to work makin' pikes,
For to arm all his pesanthry, did ye e'er hear the likes?

Thin they march'd an' reviewed, 'twas a beautiful sight,
But the divil an inimy was there for to fight,
So they wint an' got dhrunk, which complayted their bliss,
Such a victhory was ne'er saw from that day to this.

Thin here's may the Emerald Isle never lack,
Such sogers as fought under Conner Camac,
Shure the Saxons, the blaggards, that day were to blame,
They wouldn't come an' get kilt, what a murtherin' shame."

Loud was the applause at the conclusion of Danny's ditty, but well he bore his blushing honors.

The next songster was a smart looking young fellow, who sat directly under a picture of "the Benish." Upon being called to time, he gave

THE BUNCH OF FIVES.

Oh, this world's a very good world, I trow,
If people would only try
The mercy they seek, to others to show,
And do as they'd be done by.
If pistols and knives they'd cast away,
And instead of seeking lives,
Would settle disputes, in a friendly way,
With the manly bunch of fives
Then hurra for the bunch of fives!
Hurra for the bunch of fives!
The fist is the thing, in an open ring,
And a mill with the bunch of fives.

The *gentleman's* quarrel is settled, I own,
On the duellist's deadly plan,
But the fists, we know, are the weapons alone,
That nature gave to man.
With those to protect him, wherever he goes,
He, honest and fearless, thrives,
And is ever ready to meet his foes,
With the manly bunch of fives!
Then hurra for the bunch of fives!
Hurra for the bunch of fives!
The grasp of a friend, or a help to lend,
Or a bout with the bunch of fives.

Then speed the day when the wide world o'er,
The bunch of fives shall reign,
When treachery's form be seen no more,
And Right the rule regain.
When powder and ball their power lose,
And scorned are dirks and knives,
And the only weapons man shall use
Are the manly bunch of fives.
Then hurra for the bunch of fives!
Hurra for the bunch of fives!
The fist is the thing, in the open ring,
And a game at the bunch of fives.

This song was what Professor Anderson would call "a Hypermetrical success."

A young gentleman with a spasmodic voice, and weak eyes, next stood up to "favor the company with a recitation." After clearing his throat with a swig of beer, he began in a nervous tone,

"A Chieftain' to the highlands bound,
Cries ——"

"Louder! louder!" interrupted several voices.

"A Chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries ——"

"Silence that end of the room," sung out one of the elevated chaps.

The reciter looked daggers, and commenced once more.

"A Chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries 'boatman do not tarry!
And I'll give thee ——"

"A glass of beer, this way, John," said a new arrival, addressing the waiter.

"Order! order!" cried the hammerers, banging away with all their might.

The orator looked as though he'd like to eat his interrupter; but he didn't though.

And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry.
'Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?'
Oh, I'm the chief of Uiva's Isle,
And this ——"

"Is the blamedest stuff I ever tasted," said a fellow close by, referring to the glass of liquor in his hand.

"And this Lord Ullin's daughter,"
cried the spouter, not heeding him.

"And fast before ——"

"The police," whispered a friend at his elbow.

"Her father's men,
Three days we've fled together;
For should they find us in the glen,"

"You'd get ten days, sure," said the friend at his side in a low tone.

"Our blood would stain the heather.
His horsemen hard behind us ride,
Should they our steps discover,
Then who would cheer my bonny bride ——"

"Bet Marshall, of Water street," said the friend, *sotto voce*.

"I'll be blowed if I go any further!" cried the persecuted elocutionist, and he quickly subsided. All attempts to draw him out failed.

The next nominee was a robust, sandy-haired, brick color faced, jolly-looking man, who sat almost buried in a cloud of smoke.

"Well, I'll try a stave or two," he said, "and if so be as how I break down, you mustn't mind me, coz I can't help it, you know."

Encouraged by those around, he commenced, after the usual "hems and haws."

"The glawsses sparkle hon the board,
The wine his ru-hu hu-by bri hi-hight,
The reign hof pleasure his restored,
Hof hease hand fo-ho hond deli-hi hight.
The day his gone. The night's hour hown;
Then let us fe he-heast the so-ho-hole,
Hif hany pain hor care remain,
We'll dro-hown hit in the bo ho-hole.
We'll drown hit in the bowl,
Hif hany pain or care remain,
We'll dro-hown hit in the bo-hole.

As the vocalist's memory did not extend beyond the first "stave" of this song, he contented himself with repeating it twice more.

"A werry good song, and werry well sung," said the "auctioneer;" "won't you favor us with a toast arter that?"

"Here's more hard ships to Hamerica, and less to her henemies!" and the sandyman laughed all over his face.

"The word was well divided, by jingo!" observed the young man under "the Benish."

"Bedad, if it wasn't, there'd be a ruction!" responded Danny Donohoe, as he rose to leave "the gay and festive scene, the hall of dazzling light." The night without was very dark.

Danny hadn't gone far when he was stopped by a young girl, who, like Niobe, was all in tears. She had a pitiful tale to tell. Her father and mother had a fight, and being about equally matched, finding that neither was likely to come off "first best," they joined issues, and both fell on her, winding up the performance by turning her out of doors.

Danny's heart was moved. He instantly volunteered to escort her to her home, and act as peacemaker.

To this the young lady objected. She was afraid to venture home. In fact, she'd sooner die, sooner do anything than approach the parental domicil. Didn't he know of any place that she could go for the night? wasn't he aware of any place convenient where they had "lodgings for single young men and their wives."

Of course he didn't, so he lectured her on the folly of absenting herself from home for a trivial cause; on the dangers of virtuous young females walking the streets at night, and used so much persuasive arguments against secession from the family union that she finally consented to allow him to take her to her home.

Enlivening the way with snatches of song, the "wanderer" tucked under his arm, and was soon in the "Rue de Elm." As they passed under the shadow of the Egyptian palace, a party of four rough-looking fellows met them.

"Say, Burt, there's your gal," said one.

"Blowed if it ain't!" was the response, "and another feller with her."

The party faced Danny and his escort.

"You're a nice son of a ——, ain't you?" said the biggest of them, confronting Donohoe.

"What's the matther wid ye?" asked the astonished Celt.

"I'll soon show you!" said the fellow, aiming a blow at his head. Danny jumped back, and the blow fell short; had it been otherwise the brass knuckles which the assailant wore would have left a mark more than skin deep.

Danny was on his muscle in a moment. The first blow sent the fellow to grass, but ere he had time to strike another, a "rap" from a slung shot stretched him stiff.

"I'm afraid you've killed him, Shorty," said the unfortunate young female.

"Shut up your fly-trap, what's it to you? Hurry Porgies, skin him!" cried the Knight of the slung shot.

The first assailant was on his feet again. A minute sufficed to empty Danny's pockets, his boots—a new pair—were pulled from his feet, and the party quickly left the scene of conflict.

Turning out of Elm street they entered a wooden house in Anthony street. There they examined the proceeds of the little job.

"Only seven dollars and a half, a silver watch and a pair of boots. That's no great shakes of a hand," said he of the slung shot, contemptuously.

"You're a nice gal, ain't you?" said another, "to hook onto a beggar like that."

"Well, I always told you I wasn't fit for that line of business," answered the girl. "Buzzing in the stages is the style for me. I ain't worth salt at anything else."

"If I'd known the fool wasn't going to pay no better for our trouble, I'd have given him a bloody sight worse than he got."

"He's got enough already," said another ruffian, "he's in kingdom come by this time."

As Danny lay stiff and lifeless on the pavement, a couple of ragged adventurers happened along.

"Hullo, boozy, here's a bummer drunk," exclaimed one, as he stopped to examine the prostrate man's pockets.

"What's he got," asked his companion.

"Not a red cent," was the reply, "and even his boots

are gone. I'll have his neckerchief, anyhow." As he proceeded to untie it, he stopped suddenly.

"My God! he's all over blood!" he cried. "He's bin getting a skull cracker!"

"Let us scoot, before we're caught here and put down for it," was the sage exclamation of the other.

They "scooted."

Soon an elderly gentleman, walking somewhat briskly, stumbled over the victim.

"What's this?" he ejaculated. "As I live—a dead man! Police! police! murder!"

The old gentleman vociferated at the top of his voice; presently a policeman appeared at the next corner, and, satisfying himself first that there was no row in progress, he proceeded at a leisurely pace to the spot.

"What's the matter. What are you making a row about?" he asked.

"Here's a man murdered!"

"Who done it?"

"I don't know, I found him here."

The officer stooped over the body, "Egad, he's stiff, sure enough," he said, coolly. "No, his pulse beats, I guess he's only stunned. He's got an ugly tap under the ear. Some of the slungshot bullies have been around."

By this time a half dozen policemen were on the ground.

"Hold on to that old cock, one of you!" he cried.

"Yaw, I holt him so tight ash he don't get away butty soon," answered one, and the old gentleman found himself a prisoner.

Danny was removed to the station house, where it was found that life yet remained in him. A doctor was brought, who pronounced the wound not fatal. He was weak and faint from loss of blood, but was soon declared out of danger.—To be Continued.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Questions sent in by Friday, will, if possible, be attended to in the succeeding issue of the CLIPPER. The vast amount of correspondence we are in receipt of, prevents us from attending to all immediately.

SUFFERING SUBSCRIBER.—1. Procure ¼ an oz of nitre, ½ an oz. of sulphur, ¼ an oz of mustard, ¼ an oz of Turkey rhubarb, ¼ of an oz of powdered gum guiacum, and mix it together. Take a teaspoonful every other night for three nights in a wine glass of cold water, and omit three nights. The water used should be previously well boiled. Also, take one raw egg well beaten, ½ a pint of vinegar, one oz of spirits of turpentine, ¼ of an oz of spirits of wine, and ¼ of an oz. of camphor. Shake well together, and keep corked closely. Rub the above lotion well in three or four times a day. 2. Any regular physician. 3 We have not much faith in the efficacy of "the springs."

FEDERAL HILL, Baltimore.—1. The fight between Tom Sayers and Jack Grant took place on the 29th of June, 1852, and was won by Sayers in 64 rounds, occupying two hours and a half. 2. Grant fought Bill Hayes Feb. 8th, 1853, but after 73 rounds had been contested, occupying one hour and fifty minutes, it was postponed on account of darkness. They increased the stakes from £100 to £150 a side, and fought again, on the 29th of March, same year; after fighting 115 rounds, in three hours and 24 minutes, darkness once more interfered, and the stakes were divided, the battle not being again renewed.

M. WELCH, Granville.—*Base Ball*.—"1. If a man is running from first to second base, and the ball is thrown to the second base man before the striker reaches it, is he out, or must the base man touch him? 2. If a man is running home when three hands are lost is he entitled to a run? 3. If the pitcher has his hand up in front of him ready to pitch, and in drawing it down, throws it to second base for the purpose of putting out the man running thereto, is it a baulk or not?".....1. He must be touched. 2 No. 3. Section six of the laws, construes it as a baulk.

DEAD BEAT, N. Y.—1. Laura Keene did present a silk flag to Col Ellsworth's Fire Zouaves. 2 Enquire at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. 3 The party named has a fair reputation as a teacher of the banjo. Note and ear are both serviceable, and almost indispensable in learning to play the above named instrument. 4 Military drill is excellent exercise for developing the muscle. Some constitutions, however, could not stand it on too severe a scale at first.

C. H. B.—"A has thrown eight with dice. B says it is a poor throw, and that he will bet $5 that he can *beat* it. The bet is accepted, and he throws just eight. Does B lose his money; is it a draw; or must they throw over?".....B having bet that he would *beat* the throw, and having only tied it, loses.

W. R., Brantford.—1. The N. Y. *Ledger* is a weekly and the London *Times* (the Thunderer) is a daily; consequently there is no comparison. 2. Our opinion is, that the circulation of the *Tribune*, at present exceeds that of the London *Times*.

F. B. S.—1. If he has not replied to your note, we should not advise you to use his name. Courtesy should have prompted him to make some reply. 2. We make no charge for announcing organizations.

EUCHRE.—"Four persons are playing at euchre, A, B, C, and D. A deals, B passes, C passes, D orders it up, and plays alone. A plays alone against him, and makes three tricks and claims four times. Can he do it?".....No, he is only entitled to two points for the euchre.

J. R. T.—While in service, the pay of Colonel is $218 per month; Lieut. Colonel, $194; Major, $175, Captain, $118; 1st Lieutenant, $108; 2d Lieutenant, $103; private, $20, etc. You will find further particulars in "Hardee's Tactics."

D. H., Coal Valley, Rock Island.—Such law is binding. "Citizens," and "non-citizens," alike enjoy the benefits and protection of the government, and they must contribute to its support.

O. L. V., Avon, N. Y.—We must decline sending merchandise of any description without cash in hand, for reasons which we gave in reply to First Sergeant last week.

C. M. B., Lewiston, Me.—1. The place you speak of was not destroyed by fire. 2. Address A. L. Shipman, 29 Ann street. 3. The missing number has been forwarded.

J. E. C.—The usual color of a bull terrier is white, or white and tan. For Breeding, &c., Harry Jennings, of 22 White street, will post you for a consideration.

J. J., Penobscot, Me.—We have no data of executions in Scotland by which we could answer your query.

T. E. S., Coburg, C. W.—Address Dr. C. F. Otto, No. 362 Broadway, N. Y.

W. B., Astoria, L. I.—B wins with his eight spot, that being low.

CLIFFORD.—Unsworth & Co. are now in New York City.

T. E. W.—See answer to O. L. V.

T. & Co.—C, who made the trump, must play first.

B. J., Baltimore.—He must pay the bet.

ROLEY, Detroit.—He is still in town.

"THE N. Y. CLIPPER" AMONG THE CLIPPERS.—One of the most superb and serviceable vessels in the San Francisco trade, and perhaps the most complete and beautiful ship of her class in the whole world, is the "Carrier Dove," Capt. Frank T. Montell, now at Pier No. 10 East River. She has recently been supplied with half a dozen twelve-pounder carronades, (three under each wing, we might say,) and, of course, those guns had to be "baptized" the other afternoon. An assemblage of gentlemen from all the commercial classes, and a few ladies who happened to be on board admiring the beauty of the ship, were at once appointed a committee to see the ceremonies properly countenanced and discussed.

After an examination of Capt. Montell's "farm" on deck, (a figurative expression, but fully sustained by the facts,) to say nothing of his cat and dog menagerie, the Captain invited the party to "come below and look at the magazine." Arrived in the spacious and cathedral-like cabin, those who had not the honor of a previous acquaintance with the presiding genius, the accomplished Mrs. Montell, were favored with an introduction, and all were gratified with her charming presence and affable conversation. Among the company was a former *attache* of the N. Y. CLIPPER, who also happened to be present when the ship was originally baptized three or four years ago. Capt Montell, being himself "a Baltimore clipper," *would* keep "firing salutes" at the (former) humble representative of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, and "that other Capt. Frank" Queen. The consequence was that the ex reporter "fired back" in a speech on our behalf, "belching forth the dogs of war," and all that sort of thing, about clipper ships and newspapers, New York and San Francisco, war and manly sports—the mimicry of war, etc.

Capt. Montell's battery was silenced, but his hospitality continued until the party separated with "all good wishes" for the prosperity and safe return of the good ship "Carrier Dove."

BLOODED STOCK AT A DISCOUNT—FAST HORSES.—Elsewhere we give a report of a sale of blooded stock, and fast trotters, but the fast ones seem to have gone off at slow prices. A year or so ago, trotting stock was in great demand, and brought high rates, but at present the reverse is the case, and scarce half the value of an animal can be had, except in a few instances at private sale. We cannot look for an improvement this year, at least.

OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERY.

SOMETHING SAID FOR MUSCLE.

THE war has given to our several citizens an aspect strikingly picturesque. Exclusive of a display of the national bunting more profuse than on any previous occasion, there are our volunteer soldiery recently organized, and now awaiting orders. We cannot go six yards from our door without meeting at least one of these; a passage through Broadway, the Bowery, or any of our large thoroughfares will show us hundreds if not thousands.

How diverse but at the same moment now pleasing to the eye is the appearance of these men! Now it is the cavalry or infantry soldier, gay in all the trappings of French or German fashion, who passes us; then comes the Zouave, with his red trowsers, blue jacket, yellow gaiters, and close cap; he is followed by a hero who has taken a Hungarian lancer for his type; while he, in his turn, gives place to a succession of others who, differing in a thousand details, adopt the general grey and black so exclusively American. Then come some more, whose dress is just military enough to distinguish them from the ordinary citizens around them, and consists of a cap with a peak, and a loose jacket and pantaloons, both of blue, and showing a thin red line down the seams. By and by the beat of a drum announces the approach of some raw recruits, who have not had time to put on any of the peculiar signs of the soldier. They are ready for their regimentals, and ready for a brush with the enemy too—only a little training is necessary in the latter case.

We must confess that we have viewed this array of brave fellows with feelings of the utmost satisfaction. Both our eye and mind have been pleasantly appealed to—one by the mere exterior show, the other by the conviction of patriotism, *as an instinct*, in our people, and the assurance beside of how well qualified, physically, thousands of the men we have been describing are for the duties they have taken upon themselves. Many are the splendid specimens of bodily health, strength and muscle we have seen in the crowds of volunteers now in our cities. With such men for soldiers, the end of any war might be foretold with much more ease than it could possibly be were nerve and sinew less in the ascendant. The strong will, which may exist in a weak body, may do much, but on the battle field it is best that the strong body should be its associate.

The physical training of men having always been one of our specialities, and a subject also on which we have dilated much in print and conversation, we have anxiously sought information from those official quarters the present crisis has opened to us, from which some data may be derived; briefly, we have placed ourselves in communication with the commanders of regiments and companies, touching the *material* of their men, particularly the physical.

A vast deal of valuable information has been the result. Considerable care, we understand, has been observed in the selection of volunteers. Compared with the number of the accepted, that of the proffered has been as six to one. The cause of this wide difference will probably be surmised—a lack of those bodily qualifications for the soldier which can only co-exist with a perfectly sound organization, the sole means of evincing which, are to be found in exercise out of doors and in the gymnasium. Thousands of young men, our courteous informants have assured us, have been rejected simply because the exercises so often recommended in these columns have been neglected. Young men who should have been marvels of health, strength, and activity, have been deprived of their coveted delight of serving "Uncle Sam," solely for the above reason.

Another circumstance worthy of record:—These men really accepted and afterwards put to the drill have, as a rule, been found easy of training and indicative of value in the time of battle, just in proportion to their degree of excellence in the essential points already named. Of course, gradations of excellence have been found among those physically competent volunteers; but it yet remains for us to state the broad fact, plainly enough implied above, that it is by the first record, and succeeding classes of these, that the proportionate readiness in acquirement of knowledge and the proportionate hopefulness of signal exploits in the time of action, have been exhibited and inspired!

These facts demand record, not only on account of the principle they illustrate, but also from their valuable implication. The physical education of the masses is a desideratum; neglected, the individual and the community both suffer; properly cared for, general benefit is the result. These truths admitted, a certain question naturally follows. It is, why not enlarge as much as possible the limits of physical education? Why not (to be plain) foster those manly displays of which the P. R. is the proper arena? On the mere question of health, pugilism must be accorded the chief place; added to which is the confidence its practice imparts to a man, the endurance, and the power to inflict punishment. All this is applicable to the soldier as well as to the mere pugilist; and our legislators who affect a religious horror at the mere mention of a roped ring, would do well to ponder on what we say.

That the undisturbed exhibitions of the "manly art" (on the green turf be it understood) would prove a powerful auxiliary to the recruiting of a nation's army in the time of need, is what we firmly believe. Take the example of the English Life Guardsman Shaw, some details of whose life recently appeared in the columns of the CLIPPER. There we find a man first standing up in a hand to hand encounter on a rural field, but after some time doing terrible execution on the battle field, killing seven soldiers in one day! And not to forget an example nearer home: there is our own John C. Heenan, made the "tower of strength" he is, simply by the training we recommend to all men. Without that training, even the champion of the world might have been a third or fourth class representative of muscle; with it, see what he is, consider what he or any man like him would be as a soldier!

There is no use in disguising the matter. Free air and free exercise make a MAN, and as men are the best safeguards of nations, it is proper to let them be as excellent, in body at least, as possible.

AT IT AGAIN.—The two flyers, Flora Temple and Princess, have commenced their "travelling season" once more, and made their first appearance, for 1861, on the 21st ult., on the Fashion Course, L. I. There was a fair attendance, yet little or no enthusiasm was manifested. The "partnership concern" was pretty well played out last season, and it cannot be expected that a "reformation" will take place at this inauspicious day. As usual, Flora won the race on the 21st, and we presume the proceeds were equally divided. It may not be out of place to remind our readers that Princess is a good one to go, and at the proper time, when "the thing is all sot," and odds rule "tremendously" in favor of Floras she, PRINCESS, may be permitted to go in a winner, and her friend, to rake the pile. It *has* been done, and may be attempted again. So we merely suggest to our friends the importance of "keeping their eyes skint."

ENGLAND'S CHAMPION.—Hurst, the present champion of England, is matched to fight Jem Mace for the championship; and, after considerable discussion, the day has been fixed on which the battle shall take place. Hurst wished to have the time extended, so that he might get over his lameness, and be the better enabled to stand the wear and tear of the training process; but Mace, determined to throw no chance away, insisted that the fight should take place within the six months, it being one of the conditions of the championship that the holder of the belt shall meet an opponent, when challenged, within six months after the issue of such challenge, etc. Therefore, the big Master Hurst has been compelled to conform to the rule, and the championship fight will take place on the 18th of the present month, June. We may know the result of the battle toward the close of the month. Our readers, as usual will be kept advised of the progress of the match.

ZOUAVE.—The gallant Ellsworth, the leader of the New York Fire Brigade, is no more. He was struck down by the secret hand of an assassin, in Alexandria, Va., on the 24th ult., after his command had succeeded in taking the town. The sad event has cast a gloom over the entire North; flags fly at half mast, engine houses, armories, etc., are shrouded in mourning, and a nation mourns the loss of the brave young Ellsworth. Some urge that he acted indiscreetly, but those who knew the man also know that he would sooner lead than follow; that if there was danger to be faced, there would he be found; and that death, even, had no terrors for him. His loss is a sacrifice for the Union, and will be terribly avenged.

THE TORONTO TURF CLUB announce their spring races for the first week in June.

WAR! WAR!!

For the information of our readers we give the following description of the monster cannon now being finished for the government at the foundry of Knap, Rudd & Co., in Pittsburgh. It is named the "Union," and will probably do considerable to prove to the traitors the truth of the old adage—"In Union there is strength."

"The gun is 16 feet long; 43 inches in diameter at the butt, 25 inches in diameter at the muzzle; weight 26 tons. The bore is twelve inches in diameter and fourteen feet long. The gun is rifled for twelve and a half feet, leaving a smooth surface at the butt of eighteen inches, nine inches cone and nine inches cylinder. In the rifling the grooves and lands are turned regularly about one fourth the circumference of the gun. Twenty-one grooves were cut, leaving a land three quarters of an inch between each groove. Though shorter and of smaller bore than the great "Floyd," the "Union" promises to be even more effective. "James' patent ball" will be used. It is of conical shape, like the Minie rifle ball, weighs about 550 lbs, is three feet long, and the outside covered with lead, which, when a piece is fired off, will expand and fill up the grooves. The gun will, it is expected, project a ball at least six miles, perhaps seven or eight. If it reaches the expectation of the government it will certainly be a most destructive engine of war."

A FIRE EATER GIVES VENT TO HIS FEELINGS.—We receive some curious epistles from the inhabitants of the "infected district," in which we are severely handled for the course we have pursued in giving "aid and comfort" to the legitimate government of the United States. We recently published one of these letters, written by a Mississippi subscriber. Below will be found another, written by a Georgian. We give it *verbatim*, so that the writer cannot say that we have mutilated his correspondence. Here it is:—

Savannah May 16th 1861 MR QUEEN *Sir* I had thought by report that you was a man in every sense of the word that is in truth as well as pluck But I see I have missed in both I do not blame you when you are among the wolves to howl But you neednot boast and bragg to such an extent For my life I cannot see what it is for unless to infuse a little courage in your own as well as your hirelings breasts Some of the people here might think that they was going to be eat up by your Rum shop fire company sent to Washington But I know a little better For I have been there I have the dishonor resting on myself of being born and raised in New York State and have been some if not more in your damn big boasting city I can take the world through and I can not nor any one else can find a more cowardly mean thieveing set You can not point out one that is worthy of dieng a soldiers death unless it is such a one as John Hennigen a private (now may be an officer) in Company A Coyles division, who was pardoned by your Black hearted Republican Governor out of prison Great boasters you are of pluck why do you not come or some one that has before this had the name of being respectable I would as leave have a shot at you as any one or any one that will come and fight for their boasted flag through pure patriotism I hate to shoot these poor devils who are compelled to go and fight for their rum I see by your paper you have a piece of the flag that waved over Sumter How proud you must be over it Why we had lots of pieces of it here Our Negroes carried it out back with them We calculate to put a great many of your flags to the same use If any of your minions dare put their feet on our soil The soil of the free Frank Queen you can not tell me any thing about the Freedom of the Inhabitants of the North I was raised in Columbia County of your State I have traveled over Massachusetts as well as a great many States at the North and I have always found them a mean tricking narrow-minded Puranical set Public Opinion rules them The same way you are affected the rest are Can you not come to see us we would be happy to meet you we would show you cotton was King here If we can not have that pleasure do meet us on the Ground of Virginia When you do come bring a couple of Hundred thousand with you for we have almost Ten thousand there and we want to have them have something to do you must not get proud at what I have said if any of the other Editors do tell them I will call next summer to see them Well I declare I must go out and drill so excuse this short letter, you can not find a man that thinks much different of you and yours than I do G H HOLLENBECK

By this time, perhaps, our innocent friend may have heard the news from Alexandria, Virginia. Our soldiers entered Alexandria, but could not find any of the "valiant soldiers" of the Confederate States, and had to take the town without a fight. Will our indignant correspondent please ascertain what the trouble was. Going on an enemy's own dung-hill and finding no enemy, is rather rough on Virginia. Now isn't it, Mr. Hollenbeck, of Savannah, Georgia?

THAT QUOITING CHAMPIONSHIP.—The challenge from Louisville, arranged by Jack Sanders, has caused considerable excitement in New York among the friends of George Dunning, who sincerely consider that the title of "champion of the world" belongs to him. Mr. Dunning says that he will not make any written reply to an unknown opponent, and that Jack Sanders' letter only specifies "a game of quoits," so that he knows not what he may be answering. We are authorized, however, to say that $500 can be put up "any hour in the day," to maintain Dunning's title, "without any further dunning."

GOOD FOR JOHN MORRISSEY.—This fistic hero has no idea of repudiating the "Flag of Our Union" in the present crisis. He takes great interest, it is reported, in the Troy Regiment, and on the 21st ult. visited the camp, and presented Col. Carr with a magnificent pair of self-cocking pistols, which will prove very servicable in keeping the rebels at bay. Credit to whom credit is due is our motto; hence our commendation of the above loyal act. Let every man show his colors.

THE TORONTO FIRE BRIGADE have resigned, the corporation offering them $800 per annum, and certain privileges, instead of $1280, as formerly.

HUSBANDING THEIR MEANS.—The government of the rebellious states has set apart a day for *fasting* and prayer. We would advise Jeff. Davis & Co. to appoint two or three fast days in each week, and by that means economize their "hog and hominy."

FOURTH OF JULY.—The approaching anniversary of our National Independence, promises to be more generally and extensively celebrated than any previous anniversary. Cities are already beginning to prepare for it.

THE 7TH.—It is reported that the 7th Regiment are to return to this city on Wednesday. We trust that the report is unfounded. They would receive a more enthusiastic welcome were they to wait a little longer.

NEW RACE BOAT.—PRESENTATION OF COLORS. For the purpose of enabling the American champion, Joshua Ward, to beat the English champion, Chambers, Mr. McKay, of Williamsburgh, built a very pretty shell boat. It is of Spanish cedar, is thirty feet in length, and weighs but thirty-five pounds. The boat is named the "L. B. Packard," in honor of the treasurer of Burtis' Varieties. On Wednesday evening, 22d ult., at the Varieties, the owner of the boat, Mr. Charles Wetherell, was presented by Captain Packard with a beautiful set of miniature American colors, made up from the best kind of silk. Mr. W. Bordwell, in behalf of Mr. Packard, in presenting the colors, spoke as follows:—

SIR: Allow me to present Mr. Wetherell, on behalf of Mr. L. B. Packard, these miniature flags and streamers of our glorious nation—you having the pleasing duty to receive them for him. It is the wish of the donor that they should wave at the head and stern of that model row-boat intended to be rowed by Mr. Ward, of Newburgh, against Mr. Chambers, of England, for the championship of the world; and may those colors always wave triumphant at each and every trial.

To which Mr. W. H. Harrison, in receiving the colors spoke as follows:—

SIR: Having been deputed by Mr. Wetherell to receive these beautiful emblems of this great nation, I only wish it had fallen into abler hands than mine to express in an adequate manner the grateful acknowledgements of the recipient. We cannot look upon that heavenly emblem without feelings of the greatest emotion—the "Red, White and Blue" being the three colors denoting liberty. The red stripes denote provision for common defence in time of war; the white stripes denote the general welfare in time of peace, and the blue containing thirty four fixed stars, entering into a covenant of good faith, and being fixed stars, cannot be removed except by the hand of God. The watchword is, "America expects every man to do his duty, and "Death to all Traitors." Accept the thanks of Mr. Wetherell, and however small in size these flags may appear in the eyes of this audience, they will appear magnified when hoisted in defence of our land and homes.

The proceedings closed with vociferous cheers for Packard, McKay, and Burtis, the audience seeming highly pleased with the affair.

A RACE ON WOODLAWN COURSE.—The telegraph tells us that the best three mile race with full weights, ever run in America, was won by Mollie Jackson, at the Woodlawn Course, Louisville, Ky., on Saturday, the 25th ult., with Sherrod pushing her hard, but only able to secure a good second place. The time announced for the various heats, is 5:35½; 5:34¾; 5:28¾.

ECKFORD VS ENTERPRISE.—These clubs are to play a match within two weeks The Enterprise boys are determined to have another trial with the noted Eckfords. Last season the contest between these clubs created considerable interest, the first match between them being exceedingly well contested on both sides.

EXERCISE CLUB.—This prominent club, of Brooklyn, muster in force now on their regular days of practice. They have been large contributors both in men and means to the volunteer movements in support of the government, but they have still a large supply of good playing material on hand, as any challenging club will find to their cost if they try them.

SUMMARY OF WAR NEWS

AND NOTABLE INCIDENTS.

A PEDESTRIAN VOLUNTEER.—It appears that, notwithstanding the arduous duties which a life in a military camp entails, the volunteers at Elmira, N. Y., occasionally find time for a little sport, as the following from a correspondent of the Rochester *Express* will explain:—"Talking of amusements, I witnessed a foot race against 'time,' this evening, in which about one minute of that dreary yet precious commodity, was beaten clear out of sight. Private Paul McCloskey, of Capt. Wetmore's command, Utica Regiment, is the man who runs barefooted twenty rods, over a hardscrabble road, in eleven seconds! I saw him do it. Private Cephas Hanford, of the Corn Hill Rangers, thought he could beat that, and offered to run with the Utica Deer for a month's wages ($11) The challenge was accepted, and the Ranger suffered an inglorious defeat. I can only account for it by saying that he is so much accustomed to

'Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!'

as well as to 'stand the *grounds*' which he finds in his quart cup three times a day, without flinching, that he was not in a suitable condition to run against the practised McCloskey. This celebrated individual, I am informed, has 'made his mile' in five minutes and thirty seconds. His personal friends contend that if he is ever placed in the field, he will 'go through' the enemy like a dose of salts. I be *leeve* 'em."

ENDURANCE AND ENTHUSIASM FOR HIS COUNTRY.—The above admirable trait in the character of any man, is fully exemplified in the exploits of a member of the Burlington (Vt.) Company. He was sawing logs under a contract, in Jericho, when he determined to volunteer, and was obliged to find a man to take his place; whereupon, by sawing all night, he got a free day, in which he rode twenty miles on horseback, to engage his substitute; returned in the afternoon and evening, at 11, P. M. Started the saw again; sawed all that night, without stopping. In the morning he walked three miles to take the train for Burlington; enlisted, drilled three hours, and took the train back, sawed all that night, and next day, and appeared in the ranks, at Burlington, as fresh as any one of them, although he had worked three days and three nights without rest or sleep. We should very much like to behold the Southron, "or any other man" who could whip five muscleмen like the above gallant Vermonter.

FROM THE GALLANT SIXTY-NINTH.—Patrick McCarthy, of Company G, of this regiment, writes us from Georgetown, D. C., under date of May 22d, and says that the b'hoys are all well, and that their regiment are determined never to bring disgrace on themselves or the glorious stars and stripes under which they go forth to battle. We are requested, also, to emphatically contradict the report disseminated by the *Daily News*, of this city, that they are half starved, and that their Colonel treats them in any but a proper manner. They are well provided for in every respect; and, to quote our correspondent, "live like fighting cocks." How long will scurrillous papers, like the above, be allowed to make such false statements, to the manifest injury of the cause of our country, and the brave men who have gone to fight for it?

UNION BUTTER.—A worthy dealer in butter, in Boston, thinking to make his merchandise more attractive, labelled several choice tubs of the article with a placard stating it to be "Union Butter." He was quite surprised, however, at hearing one of a knot of purchasers assembled declare, in a loud tone, "he would never buy such butter as that." A group immediately collected about the individual who made the remark, and his reason for it was inquired. "Because," replied he, with a sly grin, "because in union there is *strength*, and it can't be dissolved." The crowd immediately *spread* itself for a laugh, and the dealer, upon a suggestion, concluded to call his merchandise Massachusetts butter, because, as he says, "it can't be beat."

A REGIMENT OF CRACK RIFLE SHOTS.—It is thought highly probable that a regiment of crack rifle shots will be formed by persons of the different Northern States, and correspondence to that effect is going on among the rifle and target companies. The command of this regiment will be given to him who has made the best accredited firing on record. It is said, apropos of rifle shooting, that a Mr. Berdan, of Michigan, in a match with Mr. Dimmick, of Cincinnati, in 1848, made ten shots at a target 200 yards distance, which measured in the aggregate eight inches by string measure; in other words, the average was less than one inch from the centre of the bull's eye to the centre of the ball.

TRIGGER PRACTICE.—At West Point, the cadets are daily trained to shoot at a target with a musket rifle. They fire ten shots, in squads of ten, at as many iron targets, the size and form of a man. Each squad is arranged in line, so that each cadet fires at his own target, which has its number painted upon it. The shooting of each cadet, and each squad, is recorded, so that the qualities of each, as a marksman, are well known to the instructor.

CONFIDENT OF HIS "MUSCLE."—One of the recruits in an Indiana regiment, of rather slight muscle, was asked by the inspecting surgeon if he thought he was strong enough to stand severe hardships in the service. The zealous soldier replied: "I should think that a fellow who carried a lantern seventeen nights last fall in Bell and Everett processions, and got to his work next morning without going to bed, ought to be able to stand any common kind of service."

QUAKER PATRIOTISM.—A lady of the Quaker faith, in a neighboring city, on being asked by a volunteer if she was ready to fight the enemy, said, "Nay, our doctrine is peace." "Would you like to have the rebels take Washington?" "Nay. I would rather be drawn and quartered. If thee will go and fight, we will stay at home and work and pray for thee, and pay the taxes."

STOPPING UP THEIR HOLES.—In the present difficulties of the Nation, the genius of Winfield Scott shines in its clearest lustre. It is said that on one occasion a remark was made to him respecting his strategic movements in hemming in gradually, but surely, the enemies of the country, he playfully replied:—"When I am going to catch a rat, I always see to it that all his holes are first stopped."

A SENTINEL SHAD FISHING.—A member of the 71st N. Y. S. M. was placed on guard one night, recently, on the bridge across the Anacostia River, when he made the following challenge:—"Who comes there?" ANSWER—"Man with a shad wagon." "Advance, man with a shad wagon, and drop two shad," which being done, he ordered "man with a shad wagon to pass on."

AN ASTONISHED WIFE.—A man being arraigned for assault and battery on his wife, recently, at Fall River, Mass., the woman testified that he struck her, but would not admit that he knocked her down, explaining to the court that she fell down *with astonishment!* as he had never struck her before.

APPRECIATION.—General Scott is highly pleased with the movements of General Butler. When the old chief first heard of General Butler's entry into Baltimore and his occupancy of the city, he said: "That is a bold stroke and splendid success, and proves that General Butler is a soldier."

YOUNG AMERICA IN ARMS.—"The little darling—he didn't strike Mrs. Smith's baby a purpose, did he? It was a mere accident, wasn't it, sonny?" "Yes, mar, to be sure it was; and if he don't behave himself I'll crack him again."

BALL PLAY.—The game of brag and the game of grab, on the part of the rebels, is soon to give way for a game of ball, on a grand scale, in which Northern volunteers will hold the bat and the rebels will catch the ball.

GO IT, BOBTAIL!—An eastern paper says that "little Bob Walker has tied himself to the Cotton Confederacy!" No doubt the Confederacy is a Bob-tailed concern.

THE WHITLOCK HORSE SALE.—If Mr. Benjamin M. Whitlock had bought his blooded and trotting stock at fair market rates, he would have been well satisfied with the results of his auction sale on Wednesday, near Harlem Bridge. But, as he paid for it the unreasonable and fancy prices which dealers invariably charge gentlemen of wealth, he must have been dismayed to see one after another of his horses knocked down at sums which to him must have suggested the prevalence of a panic in the money market. Everything conspired to give him a fair chance to dispose of the lot. The day was fine; the roads leading to the farm in good driving condition; and the attendance of wealthy gentlemen and sporting men was larger than we recollect to have seen at any sale of animals, excepting the once famous annual gatherings at Colonel Morris' Short-horn sales. Taken as a whole, the quality of the stock was not as good by fifty per cent as that offered last Fall by the Albany Breeding Association. There were a few really fine animals, but many "weeds," and we must say that the audience did not always discriminate between the two classes in their bids. The freaks of bidders at auctions are often curious to observe. Men who go about looking prematurely wise, opening horses' mouths, lifting their feet, and feeling their legs, will stand by pohpohing at horses that are really worth $1,000, and see them knocked down for a song to good judges, like Mr. Bathgate and Geo. Clark, and rush in $20 and $50 bids for spavined or knee-sprung brutes whose only recommendations are a sleek coat and plenty of fat on the ribs.

Mr. Whitlock has been a man of large income, but the repudiating propensities of his Southern customers have made it necessary for him to go to the wall. The result is, that the greater part of the sixty-odd horses that he has kept to please his fancy, had to be put up at auction. We have not space to notice the lots in detail, and shall, therefore, merely refer to the best.

Lady Le Vert (lot 10) was a dark brown mare, 8 years old, sired by old Rattler, out of a part blooded dam. She was a very stylish and handsome mare, with a fine head and lofty carriage, and nice clean limbs. Her step was very light and springy, and altogether she would make a very showy horse for park or road driving. We fear, however, that she will go blind before long, and that she would transmit this very undesirable defect to her colts. The auctioneer stated that Mr. Whitlock's price for her had been $3,000, and that she could show very close to 2:30. The bidding on her was spirited, after the ice had been broken—the original offer of $150 (which created a roar of laughter) being followed by tens, twenties, and fifties, until Mr. Schenck got tired of calling, and let her go at $560 to Mr. Bellows. This was a cheaper price than was paid for her colt Commodore, by Toronto Chief, a rough, though clean-limbed little thing, that went to Mr. Mott for $405. Certainly his sire is one of the best horses in the country, but considering that the colt is only a yearling, that no one can tell whether he will have sound eyes when he comes seven years old, and that the trotting qualities of his parents are not certainly transmissible, we think he brought his full value.

Fanny (lot 14) was an aged sorrel mare of Sherman Morgan stock, that looked like a thorough going, square trotter, and a mare of great endurance. She is very strong in the thigh, has a powerful second thigh and back, and a very nice head. She took a premium at the Springfield Horse Show, and can go in '40½. The first bid of $200 was topped by two hundreds and a fifty, and she went to T. J. Vail at $450, a good bargain.

Lot 15, Belle of Westchester, and 8 years old, handsome black mare, with a white face, free from fault or vice, a splendid road-

ster in single or double harness, has gone in '32, and Mr. Whitlock says says she can do it in '30. She was started at $500, then in rapid succession $600, $700, $800, and $900 were called, after which there came a lull, and as not more than $1075 could be got from the crowd, she was knocked off at that price—whether to a real or bogus bidder we did not satisfactorily learn.

Lot 29, a pretty little dapple-gray Spanish pony that would make a first-rate performing pony in a ring, was started at $100, and sold at $145 to Mr. Parsons.

Thorough-bred stallions came to a bad market, as indeed they usually do at auction The imported Young Sweetmeat, the first premium in his class at the State Show last fall, a very stylish, strong, and well-made horse, very fine before and good behind, by Sweetmeat out of the Mitre by Cowl, and tracing back through fourteen generations to the Byerly Arabian, was started at $500, but with all Mr Schenck's dwelling, and calling, and protesting, he could only get $1025 for him, and so down, he went at that figure to Mr. Tompkins.

The well bred mare Julia and her colt by Ten Broeck's Eclipse, a good breeder, wanting perhaps in strength, but certainly in cleanliness of coat (which we always think unpardonable at a sale), found so little favor in the eyes of the crowd that she went for $400 to Mr. Forbes. Young Revenue, by Revenue out of Whistle, brought $400, and brought all he was worth, for, although quite a stylish horse, he is sore in his shoulders, and will show it unmistakably before long.

Hawk and Buzzard (lot No. 27) a very fast and very fine road team that trot to the pole in 40, and have made their half mile in 1:19, and took the first premium last Fall at the Springfield Horse Show, were mated by Mr. Whitlock, and kept for his particular use. They cost him very close upon $3 000, which, of course, was an outrageous price for them, but they brought only $1 525, which, as fast horses go, is cheap. They require a good deal of care to keep them in trim, and would hardly bear much work over the city pavements. If it was a bona fide sale they were sold to Mr. Vail, a man who knows what he is about, and he will make the most of them. A very pretty, strong chestnut team was then led out, and met with much favor, for they were soon run up to over $500, which was certainly all they were worth, considering that at least one of them was unsound. They were not so fine a team as the next lot, a fine pair of high stepping bays that would show well before any private carriage on Broadway, which only brought $445.

The last of Mr. Whitlock's double teams was a pair of good strong grays, said to be gentle and fair roadsters. One of them was tender forward, and the other marked with dirty splashes of rusty brown, which made him anything but a beauty to look at, however good his inherent qualities may have been. The bidding was languid, and $390 was all they could be made to bring. A few short-horns and Devon bulls, cows, and heifers were sold at low prices, and the sale concluded with a number of wagons and carriages, and some single and double harness, all of which brought very high prices. The wagons and carriages, especially, were eagerly taken at larger prices than our auctioneers would be glad to sell new ones of Eastern make for at the time of this present writing.—*N. Y. Tribune, May 24*

THE RING.

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 48-tf

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price. 48-tf

THE FALSTAFF.—IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 141 Chatham street, next door to National Theatre. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand.

FREE AND EASY every Saturday evening, Mr. Mordecai Lyon, the celebrated baritone, in the chair. 35-tf

HARRY GRIBBIN returns thanks to all who have visited him at his new quarters, No. 282½ Bowery, of which place he is now the sole Proprietor. The print of the big fight, portraits of noted pugilists, and other celebrities may be seen here. Free and Easy every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, the chair being taken by Mr. Mat Glenn. Ales, wines, liquors, and segars, of the best quality, on hand, and THE CLIPPER and other domestic and foreign sporting journals filed. 45-tf

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ales, wines, liquors, segars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numberless portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John C. Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of California, Dutch Sam, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, Tom Cribb, Mike Madden, Gillam, the Brighton Doctor, and other celebrities of the P. R. A room and other facilities are also at all times in readiness for giving lessons in sparring under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep. 8-51*

QUOITERS ATTENTION!—Lovers of this game will be sure to find some good play and good players, among whom is Mr. George Dunning, champion of the world, at the QUOIT SHADES, No 273 Spring street, where all the accompaniments of a good time may also be found. 4 tf

A MERRY MILL IN ST. LOUIS,
BETWEEN
ANDY YOUNG AND JEM SCOTT, FOR $100.

It will be remembered that last week we gave the result of a fight which occurred between the above-named men, the news reaching us by way of New Orleans. In corroboration thereof, we are in receipt of advices from a correspondent, giving a written and more detailed account of the affair. The battle ground was located near Belleville, Ill., and the fight came off on Saturday, the 18th ult., for $50 a side. Jem Scott made his *debut* in the P. R. on this occasion, and weighs about 170 lbs. He was waited upon by Jerry Donovan and a friend. Young has had one bout before, about a year ago, in which he proved successful. He weighs about 148 lbs, and had for his seconds Jack Lunney and Bendigo. The ring was pitched in a cozy spot, under the shade of some large trees, and at 11:50, A. M., after getting into their boxing harness, they entered it in care of the above-named worthies. Some little time was cut to waste in choosing a referee, when finally Tom Wallace was dropped on, and preparations were at once made for commencing

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On coming to the scratch, the appearance of the respective combatants was closely scanned, when it was evident that Young had had a little too much hard work, and looked a leetle too fine, while on the other hand, Scott was rather too fl shy. On squaring off, which both did with a good-humored smile on their mugs, both looked as though they knew what they were about. Young was the first to attempt anything like offensive operations, by first making a feint, and then let go his left on Scott's left ogle, which the latter returned on the body, when they clinched, and Young then threw his heavier opponent. This at once put the speculation in favor of the Young 'un.

2. Both on the jump to the scratch. But little time was cut to waste, 'ere Scott led off with his left, but out of distence, he then tried his right, which he got home on the ribs, but was severely countered for his pains, by Young, the blow landing heavily on Scott's proboscis, which drew the claret, and caused it to assume mammoth proportions. A close followed, but in the struggle for the fall neither got the advantage, both falling side by side. Just before embracing mother earth, however, Scott hit Young, when the latter's seconds appealed, but the referee ordered them to fight on, but gave a few words of caution to Scott.

3. Hit for hit was the order of the day, and some telling blows were administered on both sides on the face and ribs, until Young went down from the force of his own blow.

4. On approaching the scratch, Scott exhibited a mouse under his right eye, and a hen's egg on his forehead, while a crimson stream flowed down from his scent organ. Young also showed marks of Scott's handiwork, his left eye being dressed in crape. On elevating their mawleys to the guard, Young got in a beauty on the smeller, which Scott returned in the shape of a rib bender. Some infighting ensued, when they again embraced, and Young was thrown.

5. Some sharp but not very scientific fighting was done in this round, which was brought to a close by Young slipping and falling.

6. A little preparatory sparring, and bellows to mend by both. Scott initiated hostilities by a one-two on the jaw, and another on the ribs. For the last blow, however, he paid a severe penalty, as Young countered him with a terrific blow on the right eye, which at once proceeded to shut up shop. They then broke away, both being a little cautious, but determined. They approached one another warily, when Scott let fly at the ribs again. Sharp exchanges ensued, pepper being administered with both hands by each of them, until Young got in a heavy one on the bread basket, which sent Scott to grass.

7 to 12. In these rounds Young had considerably the best of it, although the hot work of the previous round made the fighting rather slow.

13. Scott appeared to revive somewhat, and approaching his man with more vigor, got in a one two on the ribs, threw Young and fell on him. Scott's friends felt encouraged by this round, and manifested their pleasure by various audible utterances.

14 to 20. Scott still kept mending, and prescribed for Young some severe and nauseous doses of elbow grease, but the latter stuck bravely to it, and in round

21. Rallied to such an extent as to again turn the tide in his favor. He led off with his left on the nose, receiving on the potato trap, but again caught Scott a nasty one on the left ogle, which made a deep incision, and caused the carmine to flow copiously. Scott, nothing daunted rushed forward for revenge, but got another staggering blow just below the last, on his left peeper, which, however, notwithstanding the punishment, proved a relief, as it prevented the eye from swelling. After administering the blow, Young dropped his hand to his side, when upon examination, it was found that he had split the middle knuckle of his right hand completely open.

22. Young's right hand was now comparatively useless, and Scott's right eye had been closed since the 6 h round. The result was therefore still doubtful, but neither man felt disposed to give in. Young tried to blind Scott's left ogle, while the latter kept pegging away at the ribs. From this to the 137th round they fought with varying success, now one and then the other having the best of it.

138 and last. Both men came to the mark much exhausted, and terribly punished. Some few blows of not much force were exchanged, when Young fell without a blow, and upon a claim of foul, the referee awarded the battle to Scott. The battle lasted one hour and fifty-five minutes.

REMARKS.

Notwithstanding the difference in weight, Young fought gallantly and determinedly, and although defeated, can by no means be considered as disgraced. His pluck cannot be gainsayed, and opposed to a man of his own weight, and but for the accident in splitting his knuckle, the issue might have been quite different. Of Scott, the winner, it was evident that he was out fought, but his bravery in continuing to fight after the severe punishment in the first part of the battle, with one eye closed at that, is highly commendable, and shows what may be done by perseverance.

FISTIC MATTERS IN CHICAGO.—FRANK QUEEN:—Jerry Donnovan is here now, from Memphis; also Johnny McGlade Jerry came up on purpose to fight Johnny, and no doubt in my next I shall be able to give you the details Both the boys are looking well, are in good condition, and "eager for the fray."

A fight took place on Judge Douglas' farm, near Cottage Grove, last Tuesday, within a short distance of Sturgis Camp. The combatants were Ben. Jennings, seconded by Andy Myers; and Pete Gleason, seconded by Abe Pell. Bottle holders, John Sears and Bob Gray. Jennings was the first to shy his castor into the ring, and was quickly followed by Gleason. All preliminaries having been adjusted, and the referee appointed, the men stood up for the fight.

Round 1. After the men had placed themselves in position, it was quite evident to all that Gleason was the superior man of the two. The seconds retired, and after a little sparring, Jennings opened the ball; as he shifted his ground, Gleason planted his left on the jaw, and followed it up with the right on the nose. Jennings, in return, at half arm, got the left on the dial. They then closed, and in the struggle Jennings got the crook on with the left, and Gleason fell.

2 Both came up blowing, which showed that but little pains had been taken with their training. Gleason dashed boldly out with his left, and planted a deadener on Jennings' right eye, which almost immediately closed. Jennings shook his head, and gave Gleason an upper cut, which would have done credit to the Benicia Boy. They closed again, and after considerable rough work, Jennings fell. At the end of this round, Abe. Pell offered $500 to $320 on Gleason, which was immediately taken by Geo. Morton.

3. Gleason now put out furiously and planted a heavy left hander on Jennings' nob, which brought Jennings to the ground.

4. This round was one of very short duration, as Jennings had by this time got well "woke up," and he planted a terrific right hand blow on Gleason's smeller, which brought the claret. Jennings fought to a close, and Gleason fell heavily. The odds were now 5 to 4 on Gleason.

5. Gleason dashed at his man, and put in a heavy right hander on the dial. Jennings, in return, got home heavily with the left on the pimple. Gleason fought to a close, giving the back heel to Jennings, throwing him heavily.

6 and 7. In these rounds nothing of importance occurred, except Gleason planting a heavy blow on Jennings' left eye. Gleason's right eye was by this time entirely closed, and both of Jennings' nearly so. It was quite evident that the fight would be of very short duration.

Four more rounds were fought, which it will be unnecessary for me to particularize. In the whole, eleven rounds, occupying forty-three minutes, were fought. Jennings' second threw up the sponge in token of defeat, as he saw that all hopes of the fight were lost. Gleason was hailed as the winner, and he walked from the ring in nearly as good condition as when called to the scratch. Jennings, when he was taken from the ring, felt quite bad at his ill luck, but was well attended to by his friends, who immediately set about raising a subscription for him. They are going to set him up in the saloon business. Mr. John Power, of pugilistic fame, has consented to act as treasurer. T. L. F.

Chicago, May 23

CARD — HEENAN GIFT.—Denver City, Colorado Territory, May 8, '61. EDITOR CLIPPER—SIR—I see by the CLIPPER of the 27th of April that inquiries are made as to what was done with the "Heenan Fund," subscribed by parties for the purpose of procuring a ring for the champion The matter was first started by a Mr. Cooley, who handed me the paper to procure signatures. I procured some twenty-five names, and collected, in money, $11, besides my own subscription; all of which I handed to Mr. Cooley. On the eve of Mr. Cooley's leaving town I asked him to leave the money, so that the ring could be put under way; he said that he did not have it then, but to go on and order the ring, and he would see that it was forthcoming; since which time I have never seen Mr. Cooley. I have learned that he was over the Snowy Range. I regret very much the way the thing has turned, and if Mr Cooley should return in the course of the summer, I will see that the matter is righted.

Very respectfully yours, JOHN SPENCER.

JOHNNY LAZARUS, who left as a volunteer with Col. Ellsworth's First Regiment New York Fire Zouaves, is at present in New York on furlough, on account of sickness. In proof thereof, and to prevent the opinoin getting abroad that he is absent for any other cause, we publish the following documents:—"I certify that John Lazarus (private), 1st N. Y. Zouaves, is at present unfit for service. Charles Gray, M. D., Assistant surgeon. May 15, 1861." "Head Quarters 1st Zouaves, Camp near Washington, May 15 1861.—John Lazarus is hereby granted leave of absence until recalled. He has permission to proceed to New York. E E Ellsworth, Colonel Zouaves." It gives us much satisfaction to give publicity to the above, transcribed from the original copy, as, otherwise, reports might get abroad derogatory to the character for courage and patriotism of Johnny, as well as others of our pugilistic volunteers.

IN TOWN.—Johnny Mackey, the accomplished boxer, is in New York, looking well and hearty. He informs us that it is his intention to proceed to Europe at an early date. Johnny has been giving lessons in the "manly art" at Cincinnati, in a gymnasium, where he was honored with a visit from the Champion, John C Heenan, who, he says, performed various feats in a very commendable style; also, that he (Heenan) has improved vastly in muscular development, so much so, that the difference between his condition now and when he was in training to fight Morrissey is remarkable. It will be remembered that Johnny assisted in training the Benicia Boy for that memorable battle.

DIDN'T TAKE PLACE.—A prize fight was to have been decided on April 15th, at the Walecito Race Course, San Andreas, Cal., but one of the "fellers" didn't put in an appearance; consequently, it was no go. The contestants named were Dan Wisel, of French Gulch, Calaveras county, and Philip Myers, of Jamestown, Tuolumne county. The latter refused to come, and the fight was indefinitely postponed, after a large crowd of spectators had punished themselves by waiting several hours at the place designated.

A TURN UP IN CAMP.—A Washington letter writer in speaking of Ellsworth's Zouaves, says: "Harry Lazarus, the pugilist, had some words with Billy Cogswell, of Albany, when Lazarus drew a sword and attacked Cogswell. The latter, however, not only took the sword away from Lazarus but gave him a sound thrashing. Cogswell is much smaller than Lazarus, and though no pugilist, is considered some pumpkins."

We place no reliability on the above, as all our Washington correspondents fail to mention the matter. Besides, we cannot believe that Lazarus would draw a sword on a companion.

DENNY HORRIGAN is with the New York Fire Zouaves, in Alexandria.

SPARRING.

TOM CHAFFER'S BENEFIT.—The exhibition for Tom Chaffer's benefit, which took place at the "Adelphi," Williamsburgh, on the 20th ult., was well patronized by the boys of the "burgh," besides several from the "York side" of the river. The following sparrers appeared and delivered left handed compliments to each other as they best knew how, according to the customs of the self-defence fraternity: Tom Murphy and Tapscott; Mike Quinn and Young Madden; Mick McKenna and John Hill; Milage Cornell and Jerry Conklin; Halford and Dwyer; Pat Quinn and Ed. Touhey. The wind up was between John McNamara and a friend. Mr. Tovee acted as M. C. with his usual urbanity and good grace, and, in behalf of Mr Chaffers, thanked the audience for their attendance and general good order.

SPARRING AT PIERMONT.—The village of Piermont was considerably enlivened on the night of the 23d ult by a descent made by several of our New York boxers, to assist Johnny Lazarus in giving a sparring exhibition there. Among those on hand to don the mits were Jerry Conklin; the veteran of Falistaffian proportions, Izzy Lazarus, and Johnny Lazarus, from New York; and Adam White, John Pepels and Captain Bill Willett, of Piermont. The entertainment was commenced by sets to by several amateurs of the village, who in turn, were followed by Jerry Conklin and John Pepels, who elicited considerable applause. Johnny Lazarus and Adam White next squared for it, and the former found that he had no mere novice to deal with. This bout pleased the lookers on vastly. The "big thing on ice," the veritable Izzy himself, and Captain Willett, the former weighing about 300 lbs. and the latter 250 lbs., showed off their goodly proportions to advantage, and succeeded in amusing the "b'hoys" amazingly. They put through three sharp rounds, when they were compelled to retire to repair bellows. Johnny Lazarus and Jerry Conklin gave the wind-up, and spread themselves considerably, giving the spectators an idea of what they knew, and that on an emergency they could "sweep a crossing" After five rounds of pretty tough milling they retired, and down went the curtain. The affair gave great satisfaction to all present. The Messrs Lazarus, Senior and Junior, and the New York party inclusive, desire to manifest their appreciation of the services rendered by the corpulent Captain and the First White Man of Piermont, as well as all others who assisted, whether as lookers on or active participators.

BENEFIT OF JIM BURNS.—A sparring exhibition took place at Kingsbury Hall, Chicago, on the 18th May, for the benefit of Jim Burns. (I saw by your last that his brother wanted to hear from him. He can direct to him—James Burns, care T. L. Fitch, box 2210 P. O., Chicago.) The sets to were between Young Kinny and Jimmy Levere, Jim Burns and Patsy Ryan, Jim Levere and Dave Murphy, Billy Meadows and Felix McSorley, John McCann and Billy Conners, Felix McSorley and Ted. Rowe. Everything passed off pleasantly, and the house was full.

ON Saturday another sparring exhibition will take place at Witkosky Hall, for the benefit of Johnny McGlade. I will give you particulars, also write more particularly about Jim Burns' exhibition. T. L. F.

Chicago, May 23

TROTTING MATCH FOR $1000.—About 1000 spectators assembled at Franklin Course, Boston, on the 24th ult., to witness a trot for the above amount between Young Morrill and Fly Away, which the former won in three straight heats, as per summary appended:—

Franklin Course, North Chelsea, Friday, May 24, 1861. Match for $1000, mile heats, best 3 in 5 to wagon.

Wm. Woodruff named br s Young Morrill	1 1 1
Dan Mace named blk s Fly-Away	2 2 2

Time—2:40½—2:40—2:38¼

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.
FIGHTS TO COME.

MAY	13.—Barton and Scalley—£25 a side, Manchester.
	13.—Young M'Nulty and John Fox—£10 a side, at 8st 8lb, Birmingham.
	14.—Bowey Taylor and Blount—£10 a side, 8st, Birmingham.
	20.—Hood's Novice and Rusty—£10 a side, 7st, Birm'gham.
	23.—Tom King and Harry Poulson; £100 a side, Home circuit.
	28.—Newton and Hartley—£20 a side, London.
JUNE	—.—Sam Hurst and Jem Mace; £200 a side, and the Championship.
	18.—Burgess and Clarke—£100 a side, London.
JULY	23.—Goss and Young Brodrick—£50 a side, London.
SEPT.	3.—Shaw and Tyler—£100 a side, London.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.
SAM HURST AND JEM MACE, £200 A SIDE AND THE BELT.

THE DAY FINALLY FIXED.—The men have at length agreed to meet on the 18th of June, the limit allowed by the final stakeholder expiring on that day. For some few days a rumor was rife in the sporting circles who delight in boxing, that the match was likely to fall to the ground in consequence of Hurst having made proposals to Mace, which suited his views, to withdraw the match. The *canard*, however, was totally without foundation, and may be at once put on one side as the effusion of one whose wish must have been father to the thought. As a further proof of the falsity of the report, it is stated with the greatest confidence, that Hurst has gone into strict training, and has already reduced himself a couple of stone or more, and expresses his utmost confidence in his success. Jem Mace, although not in strict training, is taking plenty of good hard work, and is sparring daily, he being starring with Pablo's Circus, in company with Tom Paddock. He would, however, be in London on Saturday, May 18th, after which he goes into strict training. There is very little speculation at present on the result, but from the inquiries respecting the whereabouts, the condition, and the opinions respecting the men, no doubt more than usual interest will be vested in the affair. The next deposit of £20 a side was to be made at Jem Mace's, the Old King John, Holywell-lane, Shoreditch, on Thursday night, May 16th, between the hours of eight and ten P. M.

JEM MACE was to take a benefit previous to going into strict training, on May 21st.

JOHN ROOKE AND JOB COBLEY MATCHED FOR £50 A SIDE AT 10ST.—On Tuesday, May 7, Jack Rooke, of Birmingham, and Job Cobley, the Elastic Potboy, met, according to agreement, and signed articles to fight at 10st, for £50 a side. £5 a side is now down in the hands of the final stakeholder.

PRICE AND LOWE OF BILSTON.—These midland district men met at an early hour on Monday, May 6th, four miles from Wolverhampton, at catch weight, for £5 a side. Lowe was the heavier by a stone, and two inches taller, yet with these advantages he had no chance, Price getting first blood and knock-down blow, and finally, after a slashing fight of thirty-one minutes, and nineteen rounds, being declared the winner.

"THE GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN SAYERS AND HEENAN IN A NEW PHASE"—CURIOUS BETTING CASE AND IMPORTANT DECISION.—MARCUS VS. ANIDJAH.—This was an action, in the Sheriffs' Court, London, Eng., by the stakeholder of a wager to receive a sum of £2 under the following peculiar circumstances. Plaintiff deposed that upon a certain Sunday he and defendant went down to Woodford together for a drive, and upon their return they called at the house of a member of the P. R. His Honor (Mr Joyce):—What is that? [Laughter.] Plaintiff:—Prize fighter. His HONOR:—Then it ought to be P. F. [Laughter.] Plaintiff.—It means Prize Ring. While there we saw Charley Lynch, and a dispute arose between defendant and Lynch about a picture by Newbold of the "Great Fight." [Laughter.] His Honor:—What great Fight? Plaintiff.—Oh! Sayers and Heenan. Defendant said he would produce a picture of the fight by Monday morning. Lynch said he could not, and immediately offered to bet £2. Defendant was willing, and most unfortunately for me I was appointed stakeholder. [Laughter.] The next morning defendant produced a print of the fight, and Lynch said he had expected a colored picture, and gave me notice not to pay over the money. Defendant gave me indemnity, and I paid him the money. Lynch subsequently sued me for the £2, and the judge ordered me to pay it. His Honor:—Of course; he was entitled to withdraw his stake at any time. Defendant would not deny his liability, the bet having been made on Sunday. His Honor:—That does not matter. No matter what day, the bettor has the right to withdraw his stakes at any time. You are clearly liable even without the indemnity, as Lynch gave the stakeholder notice before he had parted with the stakes. Had the plaintiff parted with the stakes before Lynch gave him notice, we might have to decide as to who was the winner of the stakes. Defendant would have willingly paid if plaintiff had asked for his money in a proper manner. He would rather give one guinea to a charity than plaintiff should have any costs. His Honor:—He must have his costs, and you will soon be good friends again. [Laughter. During which the parties left the court.]

PEDESTRIANISM.

RACE BETWEEN J PUDNEY, (OF MILE-END) AND J. BRIGHTON (OF NORWICH) FOR £50.—On Monday, May 6, about 900 persons assembled at Hackney Wick, to witness this five miles race. Pudney was defeated on the preceding Monday, by B. Rowan, of Gateshead, in their race for the Six Miles Champion's belt; but, notwithstanding the somewhat easy style in which the Londoner was vanquished by his opponent, his friends were confident that he would on this occasion figure to better advantage. The betting was of a rather heavy character, even money being laid—or, if odds, Pudney for choice. The competitors had to pass the winning post thirty-four times, and by twenty minutes to seven o'clock they made their appearance on the course, Pudney being waited on by Edwin Mills, while Brighton was looked after by one of his Norwich friends. Pudney was undoubtedly in better fettle than when he contended with Rowan, while Brighton looked a trifle too fine. Having taken up their positions, the signal to start was given, when away they bounded, the lead being taken by Pudney, Brighton being about a couple of yards in the rear. Throughout the first mile the lead was maintained by the Londoner; Jem, on the completion of this portion of the distance, having succeeded in making a gap of some seven or eight yards. While running the second mile the position of the competitors was unaltered, and although the race was gallantly contested, Brighton, with all the efforts he made, could not prevent his opponent from widening the gap, Pudney, on the termination of the second mile, being about twenty yards in advance. The race was clipping, and, although in the rear, the friends of Brighton were still confident. Throughout the third mile the match was finely contested, the only variation being that Pudney, notwithstanding some fine spurts made by his opponent slowly, though surely, left him more in the rear, at the termination of this portion of the match, leading by forty yards. While running the twenty-ninth lap, the second of the fifth mile, Brighton, as he came into the straight, had the misfortune to lose his right shoe, which had the effect of greatly damaging his chance; in fact, the odds of 20 to 1 were now offered on the Londoner. Although the match was lost, Brighton, with his foot cut, continued to struggle on until the finish of the 33d lap, when he was stopped by his attendant, who would not let him go any further, he being at the time fully 100 yards in the rear. Pudney, with scarcely diminished speed, ran on to the finish, and was hailed the winner, the distance being covered in 25 minutes, 30 seconds.

WRESTLING.

A WRESTLING MATCH BETWEEN MATLEY AND PARTINGTON came off on May 6th, at Manchester. Persons who pay the least attention to wrestling will be quite familiar with the name of James Matley (better known as Barrel) of Ashton, whilst his opponent was Henry Partington, of Chadderton, the conditions of the match being to wrestle the best of three back falls, Lancashire fashion, catch as catch can, for the sum of £25 a side. The betting commenced at 6 to 4, and soon rose to 3 to 1 on Matley. On the articles being signed, Matley soon placed himself in company with Little Robin, of Hollinwood, under the guidance of Thomas Pope, a gentleman that was once connected with a well known stable in the preparation of their horses, whilst Partington had been trained by John Cross, of Ashton. On the men appearing on the ground, their condition reflected great credit on each party interested, from the glow of health in which the men seemed when stripped and ready for action. All the preliminaries having been duly arranged, Partington was attended by Bobby Corney and Jack Cross, whilst Matley had Robin, of Hollinwood, and Jack, at Isabell's, as umpires. At twenty-three minutes past four, the men commenced hostilities, but it was soon evident that it was all the odds they offered on Matley, as he seemed to do what he wanted with his more youthful opponent, who is sadly deficient in points when pitted against such a man as he met to day. After tugging at each other for eighteen minutes, Matley brought his man to grass. After resting ten minutes, the men again commenced, but it was all over, for Matley grappled firmly with his man, and in four minutes he brought him a second time to his mother earth, and won the match easily.

QUOITS.

A QUOIT MATCH.—James Appleton from Newton Common, and John Hickson, of Salford, met at the Salford Borough Gardens on May 6th, to play a game of quoits, for £25 a side; the conditions being the best of 51 shots up. 18 yards stiff sticking clay ends. Mr. Holden, the "Pedestrian Banker," of Manchester, was stakeholder, and George Piers officiated on his behalf as referee. The betting was 6 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Hickson. The following is the score:—

Appleton	0 1 2 0 2 0 0 0 2 0 1 1 0 2 0 0 0
Hickson	2 0 0 2 0 2 2 2 0 1 0 0 2 0 2 1 1
Appleton	0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 2 0 0 0 0 2 0
Hickson	1 2 1 2 0 1 2 0 0 0 0 1 2 1 1 0 1
Appleton	1 0 2 1 2 0 0 0 2 1 0 0 1 0 0 2 0
Hickson	0 1 0 0 0 2 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 2 0 1
Appleton	0 1 0 1 2 1 2 1 2 0 2 2 0 1 0 0 2 0
Hickson	1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 2 1 0 1

Total—Hickson 51 to Appleton's 48. Immediately afterwards both men made another match on the same conditions, but 21 shots up, for the sum of £10 a side, Mr. Piers again acting in his behalf as referee. Betting, 5 to 4 on Hickson. After some very good play, Hickson again proved himself the winner; this game finishing Hickson 31 to Appleton's 24.

ANOTHER QUOIT MATCH was contested on May 7, at the Field House, Jesmond, between W. Lambert and Robson, of the Felt, the former standing 19 yards, and the latter 18 yards, for £10 a side, 61 shots up. Lambert's previous good playing has entitled him to take rank as one of the best players in the North of England. Robson is also held high in estimation, but his playing on this occasion will scarcely warrant another match on the same terms. At the conclusion of the game, Lambert stood 61, while Robson only counted 35. The former thus won by 26 shots.

THE TRIGGER.

A VETERAN PIGEON SHOOTER.—On Thursday, May 9th, about 120 spectators met at the West London Cricket Ground, to witness the match in which Mr. Chantry, better known as the "Old Squire," had backed himself to kill 99 pigeons out of 100 shots, with a single gun, from one trap, to be shot at as follows:—25 birds at 15 yards rise, 25 at 10 yards rise, 25 at 5 yards rise, and 25 shots at 21 yards rise, with two birds in the trap each time, thus making 125 birds to be shot at, for a bet of £50. The betting was 2 to 1 on the Squire, who, although in his 79th year, is still regarded as a crack shot, and in his younger days was one of the members of the old Red House Club, and few stood higher in the ranks of the then best shots than he. He commenced the match by shooting from the 15 yards' rise, and out of the 25 birds scored 19; at the 10 yards he scored 19; at the 5 yards, 20. He now commenced the last 25 shots at 50 birds, trapped two at a time, and killed 46 out of the number, thus making 103 birds scored out of the 125 shot at. The "Old Squire" was loudly congratulated on his success by all present, and really, for one of his years, it was a most extraordinary performance.

RACKETS.

GEORGE ERWOOD AND GEORGE BOUCHER.—The above match, for £10 a side, between these celebrated players, took place on Monday, May 6th, at Mr. Johnson's, the Oxford and Cambridge Court, in the Hampstead road. In the former match played at Kennington-oval, Boucher won three games out of five, and since then, on the occasion of the benefit for the widow and mother of Mitchell, he won three games out of five, opposed to Frank Erwood. Soon after the appointed time, the play was commenced by Boucher; he was ahead throughout the first game, which terminated in his favor 11 to 4. The next his opponent won, 11 to 2. The third game was remarkably well contested; each man exerted himself to the utmost, and called forth in their turn the applause of a very numerous party who had assembled to witness the match. Nine exchanges of "hands in" took place in the ninth ace. Boucher was the first to advance. Erwood made 10 in all, and then 11 to 10. In the next Erwood played even above himself, and at the conclusion was 10 points ahead, thus winning the match three games to one.

AQUATICS.

AQUATICS AT ETON COLLEGE.—One of the best races on record in the aquatic annals of Eton College was rowed on Saturday, May 4. The crews contending were chosen out of those who board on the north side of college and those on the south side, divided at Keate's lane. They were as follows:—

SOUTH.	NORTH.
1. H. P. Senhouse	1. Brassey
2. J. E Parker	2. Lord Parker
3. Orme	3. Dodington
4. J. Hicks	4 Schneider
5 R A. Kinglake	5. Trench
6. Selwyn	6 G. A. Crowder
7. L. Mort	7. R. E. Neave
8. R H. Blake Humfrey	8 C. B. Lawes
J. Less (cox)	Hon. H. C. Needham (cox)

North side cleared a boat's length ahead soon after starting, keeping their lead to Lower Hope; here South side came up parallel, and both boats rowed oar to oar to Bargeman's Bush; here South drew a little in advance, but North side again drew up even, and having the inside turn of the corner past Brocas, eventually won by six inches. Time: 10min 35sec.

THE TURF.

THE RACE FOR THE CHESTER CUP.—This important British turf contest took place on Wednesday, May 11, and as the weather was every way favorable, it is not to be wondered at that a large concourse of people was on hand to witness it, no less than 27,000 having arrived at the scene of action by railroad, during the forenoon. Mr. R Ten Broeck had two horses entered, namely, Satellite and Optimist. We find in our exchanges the following remarks in reference to them:—"After Godding's lot, Mr. Ten Broeck's pair of Yankee chestnuts—a beautiful match for a curricle—attracted most notice, the "lion's share" of "grape seed" being devoted to Satellite, who, from his position in the market, was regarded as the "right one," although carrying 1lb over to have Fordham up The latter wore a white cap by way of distinction, and a very "a eedy" looking jacket, whereas Edwards sported brilliant new colors on Optimist, who was backed "for a place" for as much money as any horse in the race. At one time as little as 10 to 1 was taken about Satellite, but pronounced "fleshy," when stripped of his heavy clothing."

"The American pair next after Ben Webster attracted over my eye, and the fine condition of Satellite was the theme of general admiration, but Optimist's state caused no little surprise when he was seen all in a lather, occasioned by his trainer having just previously given him a strong gallop, which caused him to look both nervous and excited." Notwithstanding the above very favorable quotations, however, neither of them were successful in securing the "cup," as a perusal of the following account and particulars of the race will discover:—

The start took place at thirty-five minutes past three, and was preceded by only one slight failure, caused by Man at Arms refusing to go up to his horses. When the flag fell, First Lord, Optimist, and Man at Arms were in advance, and the former showed the way round the turn, when he was passed by Man at Arms, who, taking a clear lead of three or four lengths, made play at a fair steady pace, First Lord lying second on passing the Stand, Optimist third, and Sawcutter next; clear of them, at the head of the ruck, followed Satellite, Bridegroom, Millionaire, and Predictor, whilst in the rear were Ben Webster, and some lengths behind him Chere Amie, The Brewer, and Herne, the latter of whom commenced kicking when the flag fell, and disappointing both the favorite and The Brewer, was never in the race. Except that Sawcutter, after rounding the top turn, attempted to reach the front to fulfil his mission of making play for Wallace, but speedily dropped into the rear from the effects of his exertions, there was little alteration in the foregoing order until entering the straight the second time, when Chere Amie had improved her position, and the middle division began to close up a little, and Wallace, with Ben Webster in his track, emerging therefrom, before reaching the Stand went up and headed Man at Arms as if finishing the race, from which Bridegroom had previously disappeared. After rounding the Workhouse turn there were several changes in the front rank. Ben Webster deprived Captain Little's horse of the lead, and improving the pace, the effect was soon apparent on Wallace, who, after lying at Man at Arm's shoulder for a few strides, tired to nothing at the railway bridge, and dropping gradually back before reaching the half mile post, was there passed by Optimist, Millionaire, Satellite, First Lord, and Chere Amie, who, followed by Wallace, went on in the order named—nothing else being in the race from that point; for though Weatherbound, Flirtation, and Predictor struggled on at the head of the ruck, they were not within a dozen lengths of the first eight. Along the Dee side, Ben Webster increased his lead to three or four lengths, and Man at Arms dropping back beaten before reaching the Grosvenor bridge, Chere Amie came up inside and took second place from Optimist, with whom she ran around the last turn, in the bend of which Satellite passed Millionaire, at whose heels followed First Lord. Little remains to be told—the issue was reduced to a match in the straight between Ben Webster and Chere Amie, but was never in doubt, for though the favorite got to Ben's quarters for a moment, he shook her off without difficulty, and galloping on with the lead, won in a canter by two lengths. First Lord and Millionaire passing Satellite and Optimist below the Stand, raced home for the only "place" left amongst the first three to win the money for which each was backed to obtain a "situation;" and the *fiat* was in favor of First Lord by a head, the two finishing at least ten lengths from Mr. Naylor's mare. Half as far from them were Mr. Ten Broek's pair, of which Satellite was fifth, and about four lengths behind Optimist came Wallace (seventh), Man at Arms (eighth), and Flirtation (ninth), close together. Then succeeded the rear division, headed by Weatherbound, The Brewer, South Australian, and Herne, the remainder walking in amidst the crowd, some time afterwards. Run in 4min. 20sec. Net value of the stakes, £2,055.

SUMMARY OF THE RACE.

THE TRADESMEN'S PLATE, OR CHESTER CUP of 200 sovs., added to a Handicap of 25 sovs each, 15 ft; second to receive 50 sovs, out of the stakes; winners extra; Cup Course (about two miles and a quarter;) 188 subs, 101 of whom paid 5 sovs each, and 4 did not name.

6..	Mr. Barber's b c Ben Webster, by Barnton, 4 yrs, 7st 8lb	J. Snowden	1
15..	Mr R. C Naylor's br f Chere Amie, 4 yrs, 6st 8lb..	H. Grimshaw	2
7..	Mr. Whittaker's br c First Lord, 4 yrs, 7st 8lb	Bullock	3
13..	Mr. Gilbey's b c Millionaire, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb	J. Snowden	4
1..	Hon C. W. Fitzwilliam's ch c Wallace, 4 yrs 8st 2lb	Challoner	0

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

TERMS—Single copies, 4 cents each. By mail—$1.00 for six months; $2.00 for one year. Club of four, $7.00 per annum; club of eight, $12.00 per annum; club of twelve, $18.00 per annum—in all cases in advance.

Advertisements, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion.

Day of publication, Wednesday of each week.

FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

THE CHESTER RACES.

TEN BROECK A WINNER.

This turf meeting, the principal feature of which is the race for the Chester Cup, a report of which we give elsewhere, commenced on Tuesday, May 7, and concluded on Friday, May 10. As usual, thousan ds of people were present to witness the various contests, and among them were not a few Americans, attracted thither, doubtless, to make comparisons between the American and British equine quadrupeds, which could not have been very unfavorable to the former, since on the first day, with Optimist, Mr. Ten Broeck succeeded in winning the Palatine Cup Stakes, which, with the exception of the race for the Chester Cup on the 8th ult., in which both Optimist and Satellite took an unsuccessful part, was the only event of the meeting in which we can find any record of any of his horses being entered. The distance run in the race which Optimist proved victor, was 1¼ miles, which she did in 2 min. 54 sec., which is at the rate of 1 min. 55 sec. to the mile, which is within about 15½ seconds of the fastest time on record. As a brief account of the "go" may be of interest to our readers, we here append it:—

At the start Duneany went in front for two or three hundred yards, when the running was taken up by Angelo at a good pace, Duneany following him into the straight, where he was passed by Faultless, Optimist, Oxford, and East Stanley, who went on in the order named, Duneany dropping into the rear with Lupus. There was no change until near the T. Y. C. post, where Optimist changed his companion from Faultless to the French horse, with whom he ran to the Grosvenor bridge, and there headed him. At this point Lupus began to improve his position, and joining Faultless in the bend of the turn, the two headed Angelo in the straight, where East Stanley and the rest were disposed of. Faultless was beaten before reaching the distance, and Lupus challenging Optimist, a good race ensued with the two, which resulted in Optimist's favor by a neck. Faultless was a bad third, and the rest finished together, "pulling up." Run in 2 min. 54 sec.

SUMMARY.

The Palatine Cup Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft, with 100 added; three year olds 6st 7lb, four 8st 3lb, five 8st 10 lb, six and aged 9st; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; certain penalties and allowances; second to receive 20 sovs out of the stakes; one mile and a half, 15 subs.

Mr R Ten Broeck's ch c Optimist, by Lexington, (bred in America,) 4 yrs, 7st 7lb.....A Edwards 1
Mr T Parr's b c Lupus, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb.....Midgley 2
Mr G Bryan's b f Faultless, 4 yrs, 8st.....G Fordham 3
Col Towneley's ch c East Stanley, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb (including 3lb extra).....J Adams 4
Count F de Lagrange's b c Angelo, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb....H Grimshaw 5
Mr Drummond's ch c Oxford, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb (carried 7st 8lb).....L Snowden 6
Capt Gray's br h Duneany, 6 yrs, 9st 3lb.....Aldcroft 7

Betting: 3 to 1 each agst Faultless and Oxford, 4 to 1 agst Optimist, 5 to 1 agst East Stanley, 7 to 1 agst Duneany and Lupus.

THE NEW YORK TURNVEREIN SOCIETY.—Our German citizens had quite a jubilee on Tuesday the 21st ult., on the occasion of the annual festival of the above society at Jones' Woods, which had been postponed from the previous day on account of the inclemency of the weather. From the fact of the proceeds being donated toward the support of our "bold soger boys" thousands were attracted thither, including very many Americans. In addition to the usual athletic exercises indulged in on such occasions, Terpsichore found many worshippers, the females enjoying that portion of the bill of fare vastly. The inevitable "lager bier" was an important adjunct to the festivities, although to the credit of the assembly be it said, but few cases of intoxication were to be observed. Notwithstanding that many of the Turners were absent to defend the honor of the flag of the country of their adoption, the athletic feats, such as leaping, and other acrobatic manœuvres, were well executed, and pleased the beholders. Altogether, it was a merry day, fun ruling the hour; and the exchecquer of the 20th Regiment, United Turner Rifles, must have been well replenished.

REMARKS ON THE RING IN ENGLAND.—In addition to a brief summary of the movements of Minstrels on t' other side o' the water, our reliable correspondent Wide Awake, gives us the following *multum in parvo* on pugilistic proceedings under date of May 10. "The pugilistic excitement was very great here last week owing to the fight between Bob Travers and Crutchley, which I witnessed. They fought two and a half rounds the first day, in which Travers had the best of it all the way through, and they were two more days in trying to bring the fight to a conclusion. Travers was offered half the stakes next day to drop it, but he wanted the whole and he will get it at Alec Keenes.' Bob wants to fight Patsy Reardon at 10 stone for £100 a side; Bob, although a black, is one of the finest sparring men in this country, Jem Mace excepted. But we hope the next time he fights he will have different arrangements, as it cost the people about $20 and three days hard travelling to witness a fight of two hours. Poor Crutchley had better select some other second the next time he fights, than Boss Tyler, if he wants any spectators to witness it, for the opinion of Tyler was that he was only fit for a dog fight or a badger baiting."

BEADLE'S DIME BOOK OF CRICKET, second edition, by Henry Chadwick, is just the work for all cricketers, beginners particularly, to have in their possession. It contains the rules of the game, with comments thereon, as well as comprehensive, though simple instructions.

BEADLE'S DIME BASE BALL BOOK FOR 1861, also by Henry Chadwick, is so universally commended by base ball players, that to say anything more than that the second edition is now ready, would be superfluous. It contains a great deal of matter of great interest to all base ball players.

BOAT RACE ON THE EAST RIVER.—Four amateur oarsmen, Messrs. Frank, Scott, Adkins and Conklin, the two former against the two latter, contended in a boat race, on the "sly," for $5 a side, on the afternoon of the 19th ult., the distance rowed being from the Battery to Harlem and back. On the start, Frank and Scott took the lead, maintaining it until abreast of Twenty-third street, when their opponents tried on a spurt, passing them handsomely. Renewed exertions on the part of the former brought them side by side at Ninety-second street, which position was kept until turning for the "back track," when Adkins and his companion gained the lead, and reached home winners.

THE YOUNG CANADIAN BASE BALL CLUB, of Woodstock, C. W., held a meeting on the 10th ult., when the following persons were elected as officers for the ensuing year:—President, John McKay; Vice-President, Robert McWhinnie; Secretary, Robert Douglass; Assistant Secretary, A. Mathieson; Treasurer, Thomas Love; Directors, D. Clyde, D. McKay, J. Shuttleworth. This club was organised last June, and during last season played six matches, winning them all. At the last meeting of the club it was resolved that they should practice the New York game for one month, and if at the end of that time they liked it better than the Canadian game, they would adopt it altogether. The club is in a flourishing condition, numbering at the present time about forty members in good standing.

BASE BALL IN CANADA.—The ball players of Canada, we are informed, are taking into consideration the desirability of holding a convention, as they think the prospects of the game would be benefitted much thereby. Furthermore, they think that by some such means, arrangements could be made to play an annual match between them and the American players. We hope their efforts will meet with success, and we need hardly add, that we shall take great pleasure in furthering the scheme as much as lays in our power.

BASE BALL AT HOUSTON, TEXAS.—They have quite a large club there, numbering some thirty five playing members. They played a match between nine single and nine married members, recently, which the former won by 48 runs, their score being 54 to 6. A more important match was to be played on the 18th ult.

A CAPITAL INVENTION.—A bridle has been invented in France, with which a run-away horse's nostrils are suddenly closed—an effectual method, it is believed, to stop the animal.

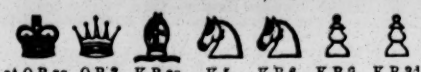
THE GAME OF CHESS,

☞ We have to thank a Philadelphia chess correspondent for a kind and earnest letter, which assists in fixing the odium of the late transactions upon the guilty clique to which it belongs. We have shown the letter to Mr. Leonard. See our editorial columns of last week.

ENIGMA No. 278.

From the Illustrated London News.

BY FRANCIS HEALEY, ESQ.

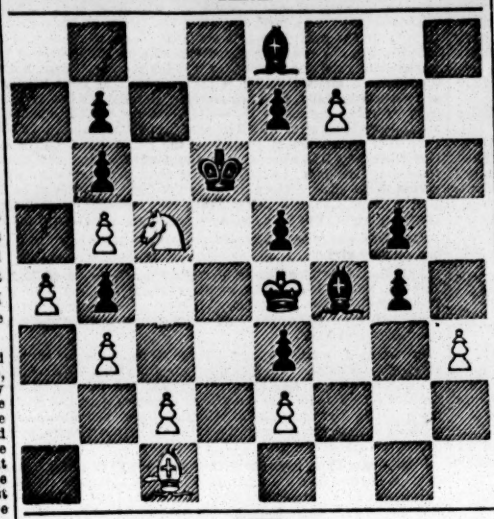


White to play and give mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 278.

BY GEORGE H. DERRICKSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

GAME NO. 278.

Played some little time back between our contributors Messrs. Wm. and P. Richardson.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

Attack, W. Richardson.	Defence, P. Richardson.	Attack, W. Richardson.	Defence, P. Richardson.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..Q Kt to Q 5	Q-her 2 (c)
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	12..Q B-Kt 5 (d)	Kt × K P
3..P-Q 4	K P × P	13..Q R-K sq	P-K B 4
4..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	14..Q Kt-B 3	Q-K 3
5..P-Q Kt 4	B × Kt P +	15..Q Kt × Kt	B P × Kt (e)
6..P-Q B 3	Q 2d P × P (a)	16..Q R × P (f)	Q × Q R
7..Castles	P-Q 3	17..K R-K sq	Q × K R +
8..Q-her Kt 3	Q-K 2	18..K Kt × Q	Q B-Q 2
9..K B-Kt 5 (b)	K B-B 4	19..Q-her B 4	Kt-K 4
10..Kt × B 2d P	K Kt-B 3	20..Q-K 6 +, and wins.	

Notes—By P. Richardson.

(a) B takes P (ch) would have been, I think, a better move.

(b) This is better than Q B to Kt 5th, which would not have won a piece—as at first sight appears.

(c) The following would have been the result of capturing Kt:—

11..	Kt × Kt	14..K R to K sq + K to his B sq
12..P × Kt	P-Q Kt 3	15..P × Kt +, and
13..Q B-Kt 5	Q-her 2	the Attack wins.

(d) This appears to me to be the winning move; play as the Defence will, after this, he gets a bad game.

(e) To capture Q would be to lose the game immediately; for the Attack would play 16..Kt × B +, coming off with two pieces superiority.

(f) Very prettily played! Although the Defence gets two Rooks for his Queen, his game is rendered hopeless by this move.

The closing *partie* of the match between Herr Horwitz and Mr. Pindar.

TWO KNIGHTS' DEFENCE.

B. Horwitz.	E Pindar.	B. Horwitz.	E Pindar.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..P to Q Kt 4 (3)	K B × Kt P
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3.	14..B P × B	Q × K Kt
3..K B-B 4	K Kt-B 3	15..Kt-Q B 3	Q × Kt P
4..K Kt-his 5	P-Q 4	16..Q R-Kt sq	Q-her 3
5..K P × P	Q Kt-R 4	17..Castles	Q B-K 3 (4)
6..B-Kt 5 + (a)	P-Q B 3	18..Kt × K P (d)	K Kt × Kt
7..Q 2d P × P	Kt P × P	19..Q × K Kt	B-his 5 (5)
8..K B-R 4 (1)	P-Q R 3	20..R-K sq (e)	B-Q 6 (6)
9..K Kt-B 3	P-K 5	21..Q-her Kt 4	Q R-K sq
10..Q-K 2 (b)	K B-Q 3 (2)	22..Q B-R 3	B × Q R
11..K Kt-Q 4	Q-her Kt 3	23..K R × B	R-Q Kt sq,
12..P-Q B 3	Castles (c)	and Herr Horwitz resigns.*	

Notes—Letters, Staunton; figures, Stanley.

(a) The favorite move at the present day is 6..P to Q 3d.

(1) We think 8..Q to K B 3d less objectionable; still the Defence holds an excellent position after replying Q to her B 2d, or Kt 3d.

(b) In this position, although the Attack boasts a P more, we much prefer the game of the Defence.

(2) Fully as good a move, we should say, as that more generally adopted, 10..K B to B 4th.

(c) Q B to R 3d would have been very embarrassing to the Attack; but Mr. P. probably thought that move equally effective after castling.

(3) Perhaps P to Q Kt 3d would be somewhat better; but the Defence is to be taken for choice, at any odds.

(d) Very perilous. He would have done better in playing B to Q Kt 3d to prevent the adverse B reaching Q B 5th.

(4) (5) (6) The manœuvring of this B is most masterly; in fact, the entire game appears to be conducted on Mr. P's side with the most perfect precision.

(e) At the first glance it appears that he may save himself by 20..K B to B 2d, threatening mate; but the Defence would reply P to K B 4th, still winning R for B.

*Mr. Pindar thus wins the 1st prize in the 1st class of the tournament. In this last match the score stood:—Drawn 1; Herr Horwitz 1; Mr. Pindar 3.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price $2, post paid to all parts of the U. S.

☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. SPATH, Buffalo, N. Y.—We will look out for the "duplicate." Thanks.

N. G. B., Louisville, Ky.—We shall be pleased to hear from you, at your convenience.

MARY E. M., Winooski Falls, Vt.—Your move appeared in last week's CLIPPER, as you may perceive.

J. A. J., New York.—Remember that you are the second antagonist of M. E. M., in the game pending between you—and "hurry up the cakes."

C. M. W., Peterborough, N. H.—One of your positions appears this week. Call again.

GAME No. 6.—VOL. IX.

From the American Draught Player.

"MAID OF THE MILL."—BY E. NORTHROP.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11	to 15	22	to 17	11.. 3	to 8 (d)	23	to 19 (g)
2.. 8	11 (a)	17	13	12..15	24	28	19
3..15	18	23	14	13.. 5	9	26	23
4.. 9	18	21	17 (b)	14.. 7	10	21	17
5.. 4	8 (c)	26	23	15..14	30	23	7
6..10	14	17	10	16..30	25	7	2 (e)
7.. 7	14	24	20	17..25	22	27	23 (f)
8..11	15	25	21	18.. 6	10	13	6
9.. 8	11	30	26	19..10	14		
10.. 2	7	29	25	Drawn.			

(a) 15 18 drawn. (b) 26 23 drawn. (c) 10 15 drawn. (d) 5 9 and 7 10 lose. (e) 7 3 drawn. (f) 2 7 drawn; 27 24 loses. (g) 26 23 drawn.

For play in all these variations, see A. D. P.

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 25TH POSITION.

White.	Black.	White	Black.
1..24 to 19	16 to 23	2..22 to 18, and wins.	

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 6.—VOL. IX.

BY H. G. B.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..18 to 22	26 to 10	3.. 6 to 15	12 to 19
2.. 2 6	19 26	4..15 22, and wins.	

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
3..10	19	23	16
4..12	19	25	22
5.. 8	11		

BETWEEN MARY B. M. AND J. A. J.

Black.—Mary.		White.—J. A. J.	
4.. 4	8	24	20
5..12	16		

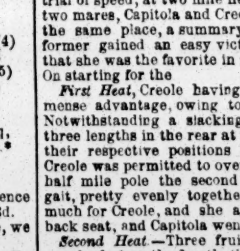
BETWEEN O. T. S. AND WM. S. KNIGHT.

Black.—O. T. S.		White.—W. S.	
9..12	19	20	16
10..11	27		

POSITION No. 7.—VOL. IX.

BY C. M. W.

BLACK.

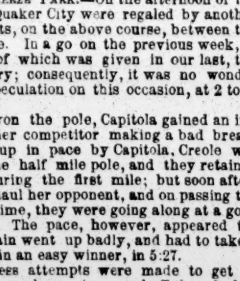


WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE 26TH POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE

Black to move and draw

THE TURF.

A TROT ON FASHION COURSE BETWEEN FLORA TEMPLE AND PRINCESS.—Notwithstanding the intense interest manifested at the present time in military movements, a large number of individuals presented themselves at the above course on Tuesday, the 21st ult., to witness the trial of speed between the two renowned mares, and queens of the turf, Flora Temple and Princess. It is estimated that somewhere near 1,500 persons were on the course, including the P. R. Champion John C. Heenan, who recently returned from Secessiondom, John Morrissey, ex-Marshall Rynders, Rarey the horse tamer, and Commodore Vanderbilt. When the animals first paraded themselves before the gaze of the admiring multitude, some speculation was indulged in to the manifest disparagement of Princess, the quotations being at 100 to 40 and 30 against her. Flora's previous reputation produced this state of things to some extent, but not altogether, as it was quite observable to the initiated, despite the glossy appearance of her skin and good condition in other respects, that something was amiss with her fore legs or feet. Flora, on the contrary, was all there, and appeared in her old form and ready for action. After the usual preliminaries had been arranged, and the judges had taken their positions, the animals were brought to the score for the

FIRST HEAT.—Two futile attempts to get a square start were made ere the word "go" was given, and then it was to the manifest advantage of Princess, who jumped off with a lead of a full length, which she was not long permitted to keep, for before reaching the quarter pole Flora necked her and gradually drew away, and when nearing the half mile post let daylight in between them. Princess then made a desperate effort to recover the lost ground, but failed, the effort tasking her so much as to cause her to break. The pace at this time was immense, but little Flora didn't, so to speak, "sweat a hair," and finally went in an easy winner in 2:32½.

SECOND HEAT.—Princess gained the advantage again at the start, but as in the former heat, soon had to give place, Flora going to the front and taking her own time to do the work. Princess, owing to several bad breaks, being unable to force her at all; as may be inferred, Flora again won very easily, and it was apparent that she might have distanced her competitor had her driver so willed it. The time of this heat was 2:34¾.

THIRD HEAT.—The third and last heat was merely a repetition of the others, with the difference that Princess did not make a single determined brush throughout. Flora beat her more easily than before, as might have been expected when we consider that poor Princess' soreness had increased with every effort she made in the preceding two heats. Although McMann kept Flora well in hand from the start, she led by a length at the three quarter, by three at the half, and by four at the three quarter post, and when she entered the stretch was so far ahead that she was pulled down into a gentle trot and came home as quietly as if she were merely out for a sniff of air on a fine summer morning. Time of the heat, 2:34¾.

RECAPITULATION.

FASHION COURSE, May 21, 1861.—Club purse of $500. Mile heats, best three in five.

J D McMann names b m Flora Temple.....1 1 1
S McLaughlin names br m Princess.....2 2 2
Time, 2:32½; 2:34¾; 2:34¾.

ANOTHER TROT AT POINT BREEZE PARK.—On the afternoon of the 22d ult., the denizens of the Quaker City were regaled by another trial of speed, at two mile heats, on the above course, between the two mares, Capitola and Creole. In a go on the previous week, at the same place, a summary of which was given in our last, the former gained an easy victory; consequently, it was no wonder that she was the favorite in speculation on this occasion, at 2 to 1. On starting for the

First Heat, Creole having won the pole, Capitola gained an immense advantage, owing to her competitor making a bad break. Notwithstanding a slacking up in pace by Capitola, Creole was three lengths in the rear at the half mile pole, and they retained their respective positions during the first mile; but soon after, Creole was permitted to overhaul her opponent, and on passing the half mile pole the second time, they were going along at a good gait, pretty evenly together. The pace, however, appeared too much for Creole, and she again went up badly, and had to take a back seat, and Capitola went in an easy winner, in 5:27.

Second Heat.—Three fruitless attempts were made to get off evenly, but on the fourth, the word was given, and off they dashed at a break neck pace; Capitola soon securing a lead, which she increased at the quarter pole to a length. The black mare tried her prettiest to nullify this state of things, and gradually crept up to Capitola, till at the half mile pole she was but a neck or so behind. Capitola don't believe in nullification, so she again made a dash, and increased her lead again to a length, passing the score in 2:38½. This mile was beautifully contested, and things looked better for Creole, and she pushed Capitola closely until they approached the half mile pole on the second, but here again she broke, and lost distance, but speedily set herself to work to correct her error, which she did nobly, lapping Capitola on the home stretch, but the effort proved too much for her, she being unable to equal the brilliant dash made by Capitola in bringing the heat to a close, who won it in 5:18¼. We append a summary:—

POINT BREEZE PARK.—Wednesday, May 22, trotting, two miles and repeat to harness, for a stake of $500.

Mr McConnell names b m Capitola.....1 1
Mr King names blk m Creole.....2 2
Time—5:27; 5:18½.

THE TURF AT BOSTON.—The first of a series of matches between the stallions "Young Morrill," of Manchester, N. H., and "Fly-Away," of Taunton, came off at the Franklin Course on the 21st ult. About two thousand people were in attendance, and the track presented an animated appearance—like the old Cambridge track in its palmiest days. "Fly Away" is one of the most prominent representatives of the Black Hawk family now upon the turf, and this race was regarded with great interest by multitudes of persons interested in the breeding of good horses. Young Morrill fell lame, on the 19th ult., but he justified the expectations of his friends by beating the Black Hawk in three straight heats. He was placed outside at the start, but took the pole on the first quarter, and was never headed excepton the third and last heat, when Merrill retrieved himself onthe home stretch, and beat his antagonist handsomely. The following is a summary:

FRANKLIN COURSE, NORTH CHELSEA, May 21st, 1861.—Match for $1000, mile heats, best 3 in 5 to harness. Track heavy.

Wm. Woodruff named ch. s. Young Morrill.....1 1 1
Dan Mace named blk. s. Fly-Away.....2 2 2
Time, 2:37; 2:34¾; 2:37¼

A scrub race followed, in which the gray mare, "South Boston Beauty," contended with the bay gelding, Honest Tom, for a stake of $200. The grey mare was driven by Dan Mace, and the gelding By Wm. Woodruff.

Dan won two heats, when "Woody" began to show his pluck by winning three heats and the race.

Time, 2:58; 3:00; 2:59; 2:59½; 2:54.

THE TRACK AT LOUISVILLE.—At the Woodlawn Course, Louisville, Ky., on the 18th ult., Mollie Jackson won the Challenge race cup made by Tiffany. Time, 7:34¼; four mile race. In the mile race, Idlewild won the first and second heats. Time, 1:48; 1,44¼.

LOUISIANA TRACK.—Mr. Charles Ellis, some years since manager of the trotting and pacing on the Metairie Course, N. O., has taken the old Louisiana track for the same purpose, in addition to which will be added the privilege of subscribers to train and exercise their "fast uns," and be free from the annoyance of the shell road.

A TROT AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.—A trial of speed, between the horses Lady Shaw, of Lynn, and Lady Sherman, of Providence, for a purse of $100, mile heats, in harness, took place at Providence on the 17th ult. Lady Shaw won in three straight heats—time, 2:44; 2:40; 2:37½.

CURIOUS ZOOLOGICAL OCCURRENCES.—Two interesting events have occurred at the Jardin Zoologique d'Acclimatation, Paris. The first is the birth of a filly, issue of a Shetland mare and a Java horse, the young one not being bigger than a kid. The second is the birth of a fawn, of the breed of the largest stags known, which French naturalists call d'Aristote, which came from India.

A TRUISM.—Fun is worth more than physic, and whoever invents or discovers a new supply, deserves the name of a public benefactor.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

WILLIAM A. CONWAY.

"This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls."—*Shakespeare.*

BORN in Bath, Somerset, England, 1780. Was educated for the law at Oxford, but soon threw up pleading and took to playing. His first appearance on the stage was at the Haymarket, London, and met with decided success. Subsequently left and joined the forces at Drury Lane, where he played for some time. On the 17th of October, 1813, he appeared as Alexander the Great, at Covent Garden Theatre.

Conway, it is said, loved Miss O'Neil; we do not doubt it; his own impassioned acting with her, and which drew down the avalanching power of the Kembles, was attributed altogether to this cause. He lived but for the stage, it was the temple wherein he worshipped—for *she* was the presiding priestess. This was one of those impressions which gave to his after life *a character*. No change, no variety could ever erase it; it clung to him with all the tenacity of a "thing of life;" it maddened him!

The success which attended their united acting was unprecedented in the annals of the drama. The aristocracy had to adopt other means than those of talent for talent; the press was sought, alas! too easily found when the golden palm is extended. The hired assassin seized his hydra-headed, or rather pointed pen, and gave the deadly blow. The paper, entitled "John Bull," now commenced a series of low, vulgar abuse—disgraced still more by being called criticism. They were all aimed direct at Conway; piece followed piece—ridicule and caricature succeeded, money kept the venomed engine in motion—what other earthly power could stop it? Poor Conway felt the shaft—his was the heart to feel the pang—it engendered there. Ambition fell before its blighting power, and she, on whom he doted, looked scornfully upon him. The scene which before looked so bright, darkened; the horizon became overcast,—he lost all energy—sickened—and the Kembles, with their hired press, triumphed! Conway, the talented Conway, the man of genius, whose Coriolanus, Brutus, Othello, Hamlet, &c., were conceived the very *beau ideal* of excellence, gave up fame, honor and glory to the petty hired scribbler of the John Bull. Here it was Conway showed weakness; he had genius, the world admitted it, but alas! it was genius without strength; he should have traced out the assassin; there were still some honest men in London, aye, men who were not to be cheated out of their opinions by unknown writers. He should have exposed the motives of his slanderers, appealed to the public, that very public whom he nightly delighted. But no, he quitted the stage, thus giving them all the advantage, and tacitly, as it were, yielded up his claim to the title of a great actor. He became a prompter at a minor theatre in Newcastle-on-Tyne. After serving in that capacity for some time, he returned to Dublin, where he played a round of characters with eminent success. In 1823 he conceived the idea of coming to this country. He came and opened with Hamlet, at the Park Theatre, New York, the same year. He soon gave there strong evidences of great genius, which to this day linger round the seat of memory like some fond dream of early life, and the remembrance of which calls up a thousand pleasing associations, giving, as it were, to the stern realities of life a shadowy prescience of the future. Such was the genius of Conway when it burst upon us in all its strength, but alas! how evanescent!

On his arrival here, Cooper, the great favorite of the American play-going people, carried everything before him, and having no competitor, was looked upon as an unrivalled actor; and such indeed he was before the imbecility of his age and the fatigues of his profession had deprived him of a portion of those intellectual powers which once gave such effect to his illustrations and delineations of the wonderful bard of Avon. Mr. Conway had performed but twice to an American audience before the hero of the American stage found that he had a competitor of no mean distinction, but as he was magnanimous enough to admit the talents and powers of his rival, they performed together for some time, each one assuming alternately the part the other had enacted. After having performed for some months in New York, and gained the good will of the populace, Mr. Conway visited Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Charleston, S. C. In 1823 he visited New Orleans, and his success was great.

First appeared in Philadelphia, February, 1824, as Hamlet, at the Chestnut Street Theatre. He then visited the Western States. In the winter of 1825 returned to New York, but as the Italian Opera was then the all-absorbing topic of the city, the legitimate drama was neglected. At the latter end of 1826 he took an everlasting farewell of the stage, its honors and vexations, its delights and miseries. In the summer of 1827 he visited Newport, and in a secluded place, adjacent to the ocean, he shut himself out from the world and confined himself to books, and it is said, was deeply engaged in the study of theology, preparatory to taking holy orders. As to what were his intentions we are not confident, nor can we say for a certainty that he intended to enter the pulpit; but it was said that he intended to become a herald of the cross, and we were afterwards informed that his friends in Boston were about to erect a church for his occupation. Some three or four weeks of the last summer he resided in this town, he rarely appeared in the street. During this period his whole conduct was marked by a degree of singularity which could not but be observed by his friends, and caused them some uneasiness. Those with whom he had once been familiar, he treated with politeness, but it was that forced politeness which gives one to understand that his acquaintance prefers the silence of the closet to the society of the world. He rarely spoke to any one, further than to exchange the courtesies of the day, and seemed anxious to avoid the world and its conversation. He spoke not of his intentions as to his future course of life, though he frequently avowed his determination to quit the stage forever. Leaving Providence, he again visited Newport, where he continued some time, and then repaired to New York, in which city we last saw him, moody and melancholy, apparently careworn and distressed.

In 1828 Conway took passage for Savannah, on board the ship Niagara, and having arrived off the bar of Charleston, he seized an opportunity, when the passengers and captain were at dinner, and threw himself into the sea. Every effort was made to rescue him from the grave he had chosen, but in vain, as the wind blew a gale and the sea was very rough. Peace to his ashes! and whilst the ocean heaves its waves above him, may he quietly rest on his coral bed, while his spirit dwells in the regions of the happy. When Conway rushed overboard, he had a valuable gold watch, his pocket book, and all his cash on his person; fortunately a prayer book was found, containing from his banker £100, made payable to his mother.

Mr. Conway was a well formed person, and commanding; he was six feet four inches high, well proportioned, muscular, and exceedingly masculine. He possessed great muscular power, and a masterly command of his countenance, which seemed to have been expressly formed to express the passions of his soul, and to delineate the writings of Shakespeare. As an actor, his manner was perfectly original; he performed like himself alone, and followed no other model than that which was formed by his own judicious conception of the author. His voice was full, round and capacious, capable of great modulation, and he held over it the most perfect command. But it was not as an actor that Mr. Conway was most distinguished. As a gentleman and a scholar, he maintained a pre-eminent rank; was charitable, humane, correct in his habits, a friend and a benefactor, a patron to the indigent of the profession, and a man who ever strove to assist and reward modest merit.

"His years were young, but his experience old,
His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe;
And in a word, (for far behind his work
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
He was complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace, to grace a gentleman."

FREDERICK B. CONWAY.

BORN in London, Eng., February 10th, 1819. He was educated under the care of an eminent clergyman with a view to the ministry. What his inducements were to adopt the stage as a profession we are utterly uninformed, but we most assuredly think that the pulpit lost a valuable addition by the exchange.

Mr. Conway commenced his theatrical education in one of the obscure provincial theatres in England, where actors, who studied their profession "as an art," regularly graduated, step by step, from one theatre to another, until at last they reach the "Ultima Thule" of their ambition, an appearance before a London audience. Through these ordinary vicissitudes of the actor's early career, Mr. Conway manfully and patiently hewed his way, until we find him in the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, where chance drew upon him the notice of our own illustrious tragedian, Mr. Forrest (then starring in that city), who selected him to play the second characters to him, and thereby gave him a stamp which advanced him many steps on his arduous journey. Shortly afterwards Mr. Conway appeared in London, at the Princess' Theatre, in the youthful heroes of tragedy and comedy. He subsequently was selected by Miss Helen Faucit, the celebrated tragic actress, to support her in the opposite characters. In company with this lady he visited the principal cities of England and Ireland, "winning golden opinions from all sorts of people."

Mr. Conway, we believe, made his first bow before an American audience at the Broadway Theatre, New York, August 18th, 1850, in the character of Charles Surface; he, however, made no particular impression beyond that of being a gentlemanly and agreeable actor—but his performance of Alfred Evelyn, in Bulwer's "Money," at once stamped him as an actor of original genius and great power. Here Mr. Conway has remained (with the exception of a few short professional visits to other cities) until the present time. He here again encountered his former patron and friend, Edwin Forrest, and those who have witnessed their joint performances of Damon and Pythias, Othello and Iago, Lear and Edgar, will at once acknowledge the soundness of our tragedian's judgment in selecting Mr. Conway as his support. Mr. Forrest has on more than one occasion drawn the attention of the public to Mr. Conway's merits, by leading him before the curtain to share with him their plaudits. We mention this circumstance with pleasure, inasmuch as it is not only creditable to Mr. Conway's talent, but also displays on the part of our own Roscius that strong characteristic of true genius, the prompt recognition of its kindred fire in another.

Some of Mr. Conway's comedy impersonations are very fine: we instance Mr. Oakley and Benedict, which are somewhat serio comic

—in these assumptions Mr. Conway has one striking advantage, he never forgets the gentleman, and invariably conveys the impression of a man accustomed to move in polished society. His versatility is somewhat extraordinary: Hamlet, Romeo, Iago, Luke Fielding, Macbeth, Wildrake, Shylock, Stephen Plum, Ingomar, James Triplet, and Comic Country Boys. Here is a range, indeed, and yet in each and all of these widely dissimilar characters Mr. Conway has won unqualified praise in every city in which he has acted. In private life, he has the reputation of being an accomplished man, of more than ordinary attainments, as well as a fine-hearted gentleman.

In May, 1852, he married Miss Sarah Crocker, a lady attached to the Broadway Theatre, New York. Made his first appearance in Philadelphia October 28th, 1850, at the Walnut Street Theatre, as Claude Melnotte.

In 1855, he became a permanent member of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, making his first appearance, Monday, August 20th, as Ingomar.

MRS. F. B. CONWAY.

Maiden name, Sarah Crocker, sister of Mrs. D. P. Bowers. Born in the State of Connecticut, in 1834; made her first appearance on any stage in Baltimore, Md., in 1849. From thence she proceeded to the National Theatre, New York, where she speedily became a permanent favorite. Here her dawning talents speedily attracted the attention of the managers of the leading theatres, and we shortly find her emerging from the "murky atmosphere of red fire and melo-dramatic honor," to shine in the more congenial and legitimate walks of the drama at the Broadway, then under the management of Mr. T. Barry. Here Mrs. Conway remained for two years, steadily advancing in public favor. We next find her playing in company with her husband in the Canadas. Rumors of her great success in Canada having reached the ears of James Wallack, he immediately engaged her for his theatre for two years. She was warmly welcomed back to New York, and at the departure of Laura Keene from that establishment, she was placed in the first position —leading lady—where she in a very short time became an immense favorite, playing in the high comedy parts, with Mr. Jas. Wallack, to the surprise and delight of the public, with the unqualified approbation of the press, and the most marked approval of the accomplished manager, who, in leading her before the curtain to acknowledge the "ovations" of the audience, most gracefully expressed his appreciation of her talents.

In May, 1852, was married to Mr. F. B. Conway; made her first appearance in Philadelphia, August 30, 1854, at the Chestnut-street Theatre, as Constance, in "Love Chase," for the benefit of Mr. John Brougham. August 18, 1855, became a prominent member of the Arch-street Theatre. Recently at Niblo's Theatre, New York, supporting Edwin Forrest.

[Next week, Francis Courtney Wemyss, Madam Malibran, and Mrs. Maeder, *nee* Clara Fisher.]

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF

WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT.

John Strong, alias The Iron Arm Cabbage, and The Irish Gipsey.

The fight between Cabbage and the Irish Gipsy, upon Gate Common, ten miles and a half from Bristol, took place on Tuesday, July 15, 1823.

The scene of action was intended to have been at Iron Acton, in a field belonging to Mr. Anstey; and, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the village was thronged at an early hour with pedestrians, equestrians, and vehicles of every description. The Gipsey and his friends arrived first, pitching their tent at the Rose and Crown. Cabbage and his party came to the White Hart about an hour afterwards; and the Lamb, though not honored by the presence of any of the milling coves, was crowded almost to suffocation. The interference of the magistrates being whispered, it was thought convenient that Gate Common should be the field of battle instead of Iron Acton; and the preparations having been made, the Irishman, at half-past three, threw his skull-lid into the ring, attended by his seconds, Morris and Winterflood. Shortly after, Cabbage answered the token of defiance, attended by Ward, (the Black Diamond) and Bob Watson.

The judges were of opinion that the Gipsy (from his having defeated several good ones, and his being nearly two stone heavier than Cabbage, added to the report that Cabbage was not altogether right, and that his hands were not sound) would take away those laurels from his antagonist, which he had previously so dearly earned; but, as is sometimes the case, they were out in their judgment. The yellow bird was sported for Cabbage, and green for Paddy.

Round 1. On stripping, the disparity of weight was visible, and the anxiety of Cabbage's best friends (notwithstanding his known goodness) was great. The attitude of Cabbage was elegance itself. After sparring with much caution for four minutes, the Gipsy made a feint, Cabbage put himself in attitude to stop and return, for the moment, then smiled, a la Richard, "at the weak invention of the enemy." After sparring for about a minute and a half more, Paddy seemed to think that something else ought to be done by one party or the other; accordingly, he gathered himself up, and let fly at Cabbage's head with his left hand; Cabbage stopped it beautifully with his right arm—immediately returning right and left—ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto—when, either from accident or intention, the Gipsy not only turned round, but, staggering, appeared to run, as if he bore in mind the old saying, "He that fights and runs away," &c. In fact, the impression for the moment was, that he meant to "cut and run." Cabbage finished the round by pelting away, till Pat was hit out of the ring. Thunders of applause, and even betting that the Irishman was disposed of in twenty minutes

2. Cabbage, notwithstanding his evident success in the first onset, commenced this round with caution, though smiling with confidence. The Gipsy, though much punished in the last round about the head, convinced the spectators that his memory was not quite beaten out of him, for he appeared determined not to commence operations, notwithstanding the shrugs, the nasty sparring, the gathering himself up, and the occasional feints which Cabbage used to induce him to open himself. At length Cabbage, as if tired, got up to his man, and hit out with his right hand—the Gipsy stopped capitally, and returned right and left, but short. Cabbage now went to work—a pretty rally ensued, rather in favor of Cabbage, when they closed, and the Irishman, after a struggle, threw Cabbage, and fell upon him. Though Cabbage's friends still said it was impossible he could lose, the conclusion of this round completely lowered the odds.

3. The men both came to the scratch with alacrity, and Cabbage, after sparring a few seconds, commenced the round by hitting Gipsy (but slightly over his guard) upon the nose; Paddy returned with his left, Cabbage retreated, a la Spring, the Gipsy following, and threw away a couple of blows, the force of which sent him quite round. Cabbage, as quick as lightning, felt for his head, right and left. The Gipsy, recovering his position, returned upon Cabbage's body. Cabbage now showed fighting of the first-rate order in a rally, by nobbing away and avoiding his opponent's returns, but Paddy was too good to go down with trifles, disputing every inch of ground, giving and taking, till, by his superior weight and strength, he closed upon Cabbage, and threw him a cross-buttock. At the conclusion of this round, the friends of both parties testified their approbation by thunders of applause. "They are both good men," was the unanimous exclamation of the ring.

4. At the commencement of this round, the Gipsy betrayed a want of condition, whilst Cabbage, on the contrary, although twice thrown heavily, came to the scratch without any visible distress. The Gipsy seemed rather backward in coming forward. Cabbage, however, followed him, hitting out left and right—Paddy stopped both well. After a short pause, Cabbage made a feint, and the Gipsy, preparing to stop, napped a right-handed hit in the ribs. A few exchanges followed, when the Gipsy closed, and seizing Cabbage by the thigh, threw him heavily. Murmurs, and a few exclamations of foul, but the objection was overruled. Cabbage was picked up smiling, perhaps at the novel way of the summerset. Betting now 5 and 6 to 4 on Cabbage.

5. Previous to this round, Cabbage had come up to his man smiling, but, whether from indignation at his opponent's mode of finishing the last round, or from what motive we cannot say; however, instead of a smile, he came up with a frown, grinding his teeth, and biting his nether lip, and, without the slightest ceremony, opened with a fillip on the Gipsy's snuff box. ["Keep yourself cool," cried Ward. Cabbage now answered with a smile expressive of "Don't alarm yourself."] The Gipsy, after slightly shaking his knowledge box, drew himself up, and superior science was now evinced on both sides; cool and cautious sparring for some few moments, when Paddy let fly a chatterer upon Cabbage's box of dominoes. Cabbage, from the sharpness of the blow, gave a start which reminded us of John Kemble in the dagger scene in Macbeth. But, however inimitable might be the acting of Kemble, Cabbage convinced the spectators that his feeling was acute, and his acting from the impulse of Nature itself. So unexpected, indeed, was the compliment, that Cabbage was hit quite abroad, and raised his hands opened, as if to keep himself from falling; but his heart was too brave to let this be an apology for going down, and notwithstanding the Gipsy seized the opportunity of going briskly to work, Cabbage maintained a manly rally, till he was thrown clear out of the ring. A shout for the Gipsy, and even betting.

6. In the commencement of this round, an old Hibernian, in the ecstacy of the moment, offered a gallon of whiskey to a glass of cold water. "Done!" from a Bristol cove. "It's no go, I'll consider of it, my honey!" said Paddy, just as his countryman had napped Cabbage's effecive one, two. Shouts of Bravo. Bob Watson, "Be steady, my Cabbage, and your fighting must beat him." After some showy sparring, the Irishman threw out his left hand on Cabbage's breast; but it was a non-effective. Cabbage now seemed anxious to go to work, and, gathering himself up, surveyed his man—when he had about got his distance, he let fly left and right: the Gipsey stopped both—the left with his right arm—the right with his ribs. Paddy, in the gamest manner, returned, and a smart rally followed, to the advantage of Cabbage, whose fine fighting evidently counterbalanced the other's weight. The round finished by a close, in which the Gipsey administered another cross-buttock.

7. Cabbage came up smiling, and the Gipsey, although his upper works were somewhat spoiled, seemed yet confident of winning. The men now came up as cautiously as at the commencement. The Gipsey, since the first round, had not been the first to throw out, nor did he now seem inclined to take the precedence, though Cabbage invited him in the politest and most gentlemanly manner possible. After sparring round, as if for exercise, Cabbage caught his man under the right part of the neck with a left handed cracker, the report of which might almost have beeen heard at Chipping-Sudbury. "I say, Vatson," cried Ward, "don't let Cabbage hit him there not no more; for vy, if he does he'll put un out of temper." And a Bristolian roared out, "Cabbage, if you hit him there again, he'll run out of the ring." "And, by Jasus," said a Patlander, "my countryman will never run out of the ring till he's carried out a corpse." The Gipsey, feeling himself out-fought, had recourse to a hug—but, notwithstanding his strength and superiority of wrestling, Cabbage, before he was thrown, dealt out some effective fibbing, a la Randall. Cabbage now became the favorite, at 4 and 5 to 1—more freely offered than taken.

8 to 17. In these rounds Cabbage had the best of the fighting, and the Gipsey at throwing.

18. Here, after some sparring, the Gipsy stopped a left-handed hit very cleverly—with his head. In the rally, Pat, after making a scientific incision over Cabbage's eye, finished the round by throwing and falling upon him. The Irishman's friends now thought he had a chance of winning, but Cabbage was still the favorite, for it was evident that he was in better condition.

19. In this round, the Gipsy, running in too close, napped right and left from Cabbage. In the close, Cabbage, put upon his metal, was determined he would not be easily thrown; accordingly, he got from under his opponent's right arm, and they were actually in a position like a couple of bears about to waltz—they both fibbed, and came down together.

20. This was a fine fighting round. Good sparring, smart exchanges, a pretty rally, and a close, in which Cabbage freely shook his pepper castor on the Gipsy's neck, which he fibbed tremendously. The Gipsy, not liking this high seasoning, by an effort of strength at length extricated himself. A sharp rally followed, in which the men behaved with mutual gratitude, declining to receive the slightest favor without return, and ample interest. The Gipsy falling on his knees, Cabbage, disdaining to take advantage, left him. ["Bravo!" from all parts of the ring; and, "You're a good fellow, Cabbage."]

21. Both seemed anxious to bring the contest to a close. After a short rally, Cabbage fell among the people, and the Gipsy, no doubt bearing in remembrance the handsome behavior of his antagonist in the preceding round, walked to his second's knee. [Universal applause.]

22 to 24. In favor of Cabbage.

25. The Gipsy was evidently distressed, and Cabbage, without ceremony, went in and finished the round neatly.

26. It was now evident that if the Gipsy fought longer, it would be only to be cut up; but, like a stag at bay, resolving to make a last and desperate effort, he ran, or rather jumped at Cabbage, open-handed, intending to close. Cabbage received him with his usual one, two. The Gipsy now made a spring, like a person vaulting over a post, threw Cabbage, and fell upon him. The Gipsy's hands were at this time so puffed up, that he could no longer clench his fist, and, being nearly blind, he very reluctantly consented to his second's saying—"Enough." The fight lasted fifty-nine minutes.

REMARKS.

It is but justice to say, that a fairer, better, or more manly fight was never witnessed, nor do we think two more courageous men ever entered a ring. To Cabbage's good fighting, good condition, and nothing else, do we attribute his winning the battle. The Irishman, to any other than a known good one, must be looked upon as a dangerous and troublesome customer to anybody. When seen in the carriage after the fight, both his hands were found to be swollen to an immense size, rendering it impossible that he could have fought any longer. Cabbage raised himself in the estimation of the Amateurs by this mill. He convinced them he was not yet so stale, but that he could get into the best possible condition; and his backers thought him capable of beating any man of his weight in England.

THE GAME OF BANDY.

The game called Bandy, practised by the peasantry of Wales, is almost a national one in Ireland, where it is called Hurley. There appears to be a peculiar proneness in the disposition of the Welsh towards all sorts of sports and diversions. They are remarkable for devoting their evenings to rural dissipations; and in conversation one may observe that they dwell with uncommon fondness upon the mention of a *noswaith lawen*, (a night of merriment,) or a *chware chwiufa twmpath chware*, (playing away the evening in gambols.) Indeed, their expressions for all such occasions have (as have equally those of the Irish) a rich amplitude of meaning that is rarely to be found in any other language. But the most popular of all the rural diversions of the vale of Glamorgan, is the important game of Bandy. It consists in a contention between two sets of players, which of them shall succeed in striking a ball with bent sticks along the ground to opposite goals. Even the loftiest pride of a parish is its repute at this game; and a rivalship about it between two neighboring parishes will occasion such heart-burnings and bickerings as may not very readily be conceived. A noted contest used to occur between the parishes of Lantwyt and Lancarvan. The famous parish of Lantwyt had long tossed its head exceeding hoity-toitily among the surrounding villages, and its roistering blades would carry everything with a high hand, and swagger it proudly at all fairs and *mabsants*, as who should say, who but they? until at length the Lancarvan folk, who could ill brook this hectoring, challenged them out to a match at bandy. To be sure, with what vaporing the Lantwyt people deigned to accept the challenge! They talked as though no parish was fit to content with them forsooth, and all ought to submit in quiet to their huffing. However, as the day of the contest approached, they set about in good earnest to prepare for it, and the players practised daily in the most spacious fields. Interest deepened, and talk swelled throughout the vale, and all was anxious suspense until the day arrived. The whole vale now flocked down to the sea shore, looking and talking great things by the way for their respective parties. After the goals had been set, and all necessary arrangements made, the concourse separated into two parties, out of which the players presently issued. On the side of the challengers came a dapper, thick-set man, of middle age, whom they called Shanko. He stepped forward with a confident air, and was followed by a troop of fellows, who now, that they were stripped and on their mettle, stood, confessed by the looks of all, to be 'exceeding proper young men.' But the first on the Lantwyt side was one who had been a wild youngster, and the most noted player throughout the country; but having been lately converted at a Methodist revival, there had been great difficulty in persuading him to take a part on this important day. His eye was now bent upon the ground, and his lips were observed to move in silence, as he led a troop of young fellows, by no means inferior to their competitors. A loud shout was raised by the partisans of each side, as the players came forward with distinguishing favors on their left arms, and flourishing their bandies with their right. The contending players now ranged upon a field of hard sand one opposite the other, in a line along the edge of the waves; and soon as the ball was set going, the most heroical exertions were called forth in running and contending to drive it to their respective goals, and in sending it, with blows of their bandies, whizzing aloft through the air. Long and doubtful was the contest and various the chances of the game. After many of the younger players had been done up in wind or limb, the weight of the contest fell on Shanko and the Methodist. The Methodist was the fleeter man, Shanko the most sturdy. O, for a clear field and fair play! But the multitudes of too eager partisans now closed down with a roar "as of many waters;" and the ball got among the throng. Then the shouts of the men and the yells of the women rose horribly mingled, as the contending players cleaved their way through. The Methodist was foremost, but searched in vain for the ball; for Shanko's virago wife straddled over and concealed it, until her smart dapper man came panting up. Not unperceived was the fraud—an outrageous termagant, the Methodist's mother now fell, with outstretched hands and loud reproaches, upon the sturdy wife. However, the ball was taken off by Shanko, pursued by his fleet opponent—the one straining to secure the game, the other to rescue it. And now the Methodist's fierce breath must be felt between his antagonist's brawny shoulders; and now he draws closer, closer still; and, stretching out his foot, by a trip of the heels sends Shanko ploughing the sands before him with a headlong fall, as the spray is dashed before the vessel. The plaudits peal from one tall cliff to another, as the goal is now reached by the men of Lantwyt.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

There are few words in the English language so frequently misconstrued as Education. As an art it stands conspicuously forward as the most important of all; and may justly be considered as the *primum mobile* of civilization. Education is not what it is too often supposed to be, merely the art of acquiring a few words and rules from books and teachers, and repeating them mechanically. Strictly speaking, Education is a process, and no man can be thoroughly educated. The term Education implies the teaching of everything, and man, from the cradle to the grave, is continually a scholar in the great school of the world. Education may be divided into two great branches—Mental and Physical; or in other words the Education of the mind and body. It is of the importance of Physical Education that we write. Medical authorities in all ages have agreed that athletic exercises are necessary to the enjoyment of health, and likewise prevent the mental and physical constitution from degeneracy and decay. The ancients appear to have been fully aware of the importance of physical education as conducive to perfect health. Both Galen and Hippocrates speak of the utility of public gymnastics, and strongly advocate their introduction into society. The Gymnasium was among one of the most important institutions in ancient Greece. There were three principal gymnasia in Athens; the Academy, the Cynosarges, and the Lyceum, which are graphically described by Vitruvius, Book V. chapter 11. The famous Gymnasium of Ellis is historically renowned as the place where intended competitors were prepared for the Olympic Games. The Olympic Games have proved beneficial to mankind in two respects—to those who engaged in them they imparted strength and vigor, and to the student in the nineteenth century they form reliable and trustworthy eras in the history of ancient Greece. If athletic exercises were considered of such importance in ancient times why not introduce them into society at the present day? Salutary innovations are as much needed now in society as ever they were since the world began. Physical Education, although second to no art in point of importance, is shamefully overlooked at the present day. The gross errors which are frequently committed in education by parents, and those to whom they entrust the care of their children, may be reckoned as one of the greatest sources of human misery. A few instances will confirm the truth of this observation. The manifold accidents to which we are continually exposed, the sudden changes of temperature, and the precarious hold we have of whatever is external, point to the necessity of having the body formed, by an early and prudent culture, to undergo hardship and fatigue, and to stand prepared at any moment to combat the dangers, difficulties, ills and misfortunes which fall to the lot of every man. Notwithstanding this, it is no uncommon thing to see children, naturally weak and fragile in constitution, confined day after day in a crowded school room, and denied that healthful exercise which is necessary to our very existence. Fabulous history says that Thetis, in order to render her son Achilles invulnerable, plunged him into the river Styx. We all know this to be an expressive allegory; yet a prudent mother might extract a leading precept therefrom. Modern mothers act directly contrary to this, by plunging their children into softness and effeminacy, thus enervating and indulging the child at the expense of the man. Were more attention payed to physical education, there would not be so much demand for physic. Vigorous bodily exercise and medicine are the antithesis of each other. We are furnished with a melancholy illustration of the neglect of a proper physical education in the consumptive and dyspeptic forms of the fashionable females of our own day. Experience shows that children delicately educated, and debarred out-door exercise, die in a greater proportion than others who receive a due share of hardship and fatigue.

The majority of those diseases which afflict humanity, would be unknown, were children taught the importance of gymnastic exercises, and accustomed to harden their bodies to the intemperance of the seasons, climates, and elements; to hunger, thirst, and fatigue; in a word, dipped in the Stygian flood. Nothing is better adapted to draw out and invigorate the physical powers than athletic games; and we strongly advocate their introduction into society. Every town, village, and township should have a gymnasium, or, in other words, a suitable field selected for the purpose, where young and old could periodically meet and engage in innocent recreation. Mental education is certainly, next to Religion, the most humanizing of all processes to which man can be made a subject; but what avails the most profound and fashionable education, if the body be hopelessly shattered in obtaining it? The body is too often considered as a mere drudge to the mind, and that old adage of "*mens sana in corpore sano*," by no means receives that attention which it deserves. If physical education were properly taught it would do more to preserve health than all the followers of Galen in Christendom. The whole *materia medica* cannot furnish a single *prophylactic* half so valuable as physical exercise.—*Canada paper.*

Sleeping and Eating.—"For persons who eat three times a day, it is amply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter, and a cup of warm drink. No one can starve on it, while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising for a day of comfort."

Yes, yes, by omitting the third meal, the individual, besides securing a night of sound sleep, will not find on awakening in the morning a bad taste in the mouth so indicative of general foulness.

If one would always have a sweet mouth and clean tongue, he can secure both by simply ceasing to overload the stomach. This frequent eating is an evil, mischievous habit, ruinous of both health and comfort; and it prevents the individual from receiving the great amount of enjoyment which it was intended he should receive from eating, and which is necessary to perfect health. Nothing should be eaten between regular meals taken two or three times a day; nor should one eat so that the quantity undigested will induce heaviness or uncomfortable feelings. The cook tastes the food she prepares, and by this frequent tasting she destroys both the relish for her meals and health. There are many housekeepers who have the same pernicious habit. We know of farmers who at the close of a long summer day, during which they have eaten heartily five times, and worked hard from four o'clock in the morning to nine at night, eat freely just before going to bed.

The stomach already enfeebled by constant working under disadvantageous circumstances, has now imposed on it an impractical task, and the men lie down to sleep! Next morning they are nerveless—have scarcely slept all night—feel more wearied than they did when they laid down—and on the whole, think the farmer lives a dog's life; so he does, as far as he sinks to mere animalism—living to eat—tasking his digestive apparatus at the expense of health, life and life's enjoyment. So on from day to day till nature makes a desperate effort to rid the body of the superfluous food introduced into it by some different remedial effort.

Farmers, being so much in the open air, with abundant exercise, should be the healthiest people; but like others who are cursed with abundance of bread they are rheumatic, billious, dyspeptic. This is a shame and a sin. Farmers, it is a sin. Your liver complaints, chill fevers, &c., are as unnecessary as is the plague. Health and sweet sleep will come to you when you need, unless by bad habits you drive them away. "Go and sin no more."—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

For the Curious.—The greyhound runs by eyesight only, and this we observe as a fact; the carrier-pigeon flies his two hundred and fifty miles homeward by eyesight, viz: from point to point of objects which he has remarked; but this is only for our conjecture. The fierce dragon-fly, with twelve thousand lenses in his eye, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back—not turning in the air, but with a crash reversing the action of his four wings, and instantaneously calculating the distance of the objects, or he would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of his does this consist? No one can answer.

A cloud of ten thousand gnats dance up and down in the sun—the minutest interval between them—yet no one knocks another headlong upon the grass, or breaks a leg or a wing, long and delicate as these are. Suddenly—amidst your admiration of this matchless dance—a peculiarly high-shouldered, vicious gnat, with long, pendant nose, darts out of the rising and falling cloud, and settling on your cheek, inserts a poisonous sting. What possessed the little wretch to do this? Did he smell your blood in the mazy dance? No one knows.

A four-horse coach comes suddenly upon a flock of geese in the narrow road, and drives straight through the middle of them. A goose was never yet fairly run over, nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet somehow they contrive to flap and waddle off. Habitually stupid, heavy, and indolent, they are, nevertheless, equal to any emergency. Why does the lonely woodpecker, when he descends his tree and goes to drink, stop several times on his way—listen and look around—before he takes his draught? No one knows.

On Horse Shoes.—The Greeks and Romans endeavored, by means of some covering, to secure from injury the hoofs of their horses and other animals of burden. Aristotle and Pliny say, that shoes were put upon camels in the time of war, and during long journeys. Nero, when he undertook short journeys, was drawn by mules, that had silver shoes; and those of his wife, Poppæa, had shoes of gold. Xenophon says, that certain people of Asia were accustomed, when the snow lay deep on the ground, to draw socks over the feet of their horses. As our horse shoes were unknown to the ancients, they employed the utmost care to procure horses with strong hoofs, and tried every means to harden them. When Boniface, Marquis of Tuscany, one of the richest princes of his time, went to meet Beatrix, his bride, mother of the well-known Matilda, about the year 1038, his whole train was so magnificently decorated, that his horses were not shod with iron, but with silver. The nails were of the same metal; and when any of them dropped out, they belonged to those who found them. It is supposed in the ninth century that horses were not shod always, but only in the time of post, and on other particular occasions. The practice of shoeing appears to have been introduced by William the Conqueror. We are informed that that Sovereign gave the city of Northampton as a fief, to a certain person in consideration of his paying a stated sum yearly for the shoeing of horses, and it is believed that Henry de Ferres, or Ferrers, who came over with William, and whose descendants still bear in their arms six horse shoes, received that surname because he was intrusted with the inspection of the farriers.

The Benefits of Exercise.—As a man is a compound of soul and body, he is under an obligation of a double scheme of duty, and as labor and exercise conduce to the health of the body, so do study and contemplation to that of the mind; for study strengthens the mind as exercise does the body. The labor of the body frees us from the pains of the mind, and this it is which makes the poor man happy. The mind, like the body, grows tired by being too long in one posture. The end of diversion is to unbend the soul, deceive the cares, sweeten the toils, and smooth the ruggedness of life. As the body is maintained by repletion and evacuation, so is the mind by employment and relaxation. Difficulty strengthens the mind as labor does the body. Life and happiness consist in action and employment. Active and masculine spirits, in the vigor of youth, neither can or ought to be at rest. If they debar themselves from a noble object, their desires will move downwards, and they will feel themselves actuated by some low and abject passion or pursuit. As the sweetest rose grows on the sharpest prickles, so the hardest labor brings forth the sweetest profits. The end of labor is rest—what brightness is to rust, labor is to idleness, idleness is the rust of the mind and the inlet to all misfortune. Diligence is the mother of virtue. When it is known, says Plato, how exercise produces digestion, and promotes health, comeliness and strength, there will be no occasion to enjoin the use of exercise by a law, or to enforce an attention to it on the candidate for health, vigor, and personal charms.

Paying a Wager.—At the commencement of South Carolina's secession, Mr. H. H. Champion, Clerk of Fountain Engine Co. No. 3, in Dover, N. H., made a wager that if the U. S. flag did not float over Charleston custom house before a certain day, he would draw that Co.'s hose carriage to Portsmouth. Accordingly on Wednesday, 15th ult., he did it—starting from Dover at five o'clock, and arriving at Portsmouth soon after eight in the evening. The distance is about seventeen miles, over a hilly and "hard road to travel," especially with a load like that. Mr. Champion had a harness made to draw in, and was pretty well tired out when he got through. The hose carriage, we are told, weighed 323 pounds. Mr. Champion was met at Portsmouth Bridge by the Atlantic Associate Ex-Sixes, J. E. Rider, Foreman, with the Portsmouth Cornet Band, together with the Portsmouth Company of Volunteers, the Goodwin Guards, and Laconia Engine Co. No. 2, who tendered an escort to the Associates on the occasion.

The plucky hero of the occasion was escorted to the Franklin House; and after due refreshment, the Ex-Sixes and their friends highly enjoyed a social dance at Irving Hall. The Hall of the Associates was handsomely decorated, and a glory of flags run across Market street, from which in the evening depended an arch of Chinese lanterns—all very tastefully designed and well carried out.

The crowd which gathered to "see the conquering hero come" was immense; and on the whole it seemed quite like a gala day for the whole people, or an ovation to some chieftain returned from a successful war or voyage of discovery. Mr. C will be called the Champion Hoseman after this, sure.

Rowing.—It is certain that the primitive inhabitants of Great Britain well understood the art of boat-rowing, since we find that they frequently committed themselves to the mercy of the sea in open boats, constructed of wicker-work, and covered with leather.

The Saxons were also expert in the management of the oar; with them it was not thought derogatory for noblemen of the highest rank to row or steer a boat with dexterity and judgment. The boat quintain, and tilting, was introduced by the Normans, as amusements for the summer season, and could not be practised without oars. To these succeeded rowing matches, which became exceedingly popular, and indeed remain so at the present day, as the immense number of matches which take place during the season will testify.

Curious and Valuable Invention.—Perhaps the most curious article in the exhibition of Inventions of the Society of Arts, is Mr. C. Langton Davies' Self Acting, Card-Printing Machine. It is so small that it looks like a toy; yet it will print 10,000 cards in an hour. It measures but 5½ inches long, 4 inches wide, and 3 inches high. To perform all the operations of printing, it is only necessary to turn a handle, or the machine may be driven by a clock-spring. It seems especially applicable to the printing of railway tickets.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

BILL POSTERS' UNION CARD.

The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to:

Indianapolis, Ind., Stephen Smith, Daily Sentinel Office. 41-5m*
Baltimore, Md., J. W. Harper & Co., successors to Geo. F. Walker, No. 12 North street, basement. 41
Albany, N. Y.....J. B. Smith, Morning Times office. 20-9m*
Troy, N. Y.....A. B. Hay, Troy Daily Whig Office. 33-6m*
Boston.....Peter Kelly, No. 2, Williams' Court. 44-3m*

BRYANT'S ETHIOPIAN OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
NEIL and DAN BRYANT Managers and Proprietors.

OPEN EVERY NIGHT during the Season. The Original and World-Renowned BRYANTS' MINSTRELS. Originators of the present popular style of Minstrelsy, composed of the following unequalled artists:—

DAN BRYANT,	NEIL BRYANT,	EPH HORN,
P. B. ISAACS,	N. W. GOULD,	J. H. SIVORI,
W. L. HOBBS,	G. D. CONNORS,	G. S. FOWLER,
J. W. ADAMS,	J. H. HILTON,	OLD DAN EMMETT,
	T. J. PEEL,	

And JAPANESE TOMMY; Or, "WHAT IS IT?"

In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Comicalities, &c. The first to introduce the following popular acts:—

Essence of Old Virginny,	Scenes at Gurney's,
Scenes at Phalon's,	Challenge Dance,
The Three Hunters,	Surprise Party,
The Garrotters,	African Polka,
Dural MacDill Parroll's,	Grape Vine Twist,
Miss Issippi Fling,	And many others.

Also, Dan Emmett's original Plantation Songs, Dixie's Land, White Wash Army, Billy Patterson, Johnny Roach, Johnny Gonier, Whose Heel Dat Burning, Chaw Roast Beef, Road to Georgia, Louisiana Low Mounds, High Low Jack, Heenan and Sayers, and many others.

Doors open at 7. Curtain rises at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 24

RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS.

This Ever Popular and Talented Troupe, the most carefully selected Company of
ETHIOPIANS, MUSICIANS, AND VOCALISTS
The world has ever produced, whose musical talents and true representations of Negro Life has made them the theme and admiration of the entire American Continent, and throughout the Island of Cuba.

LIST OF ARTISTS FOR 1861.

H. S. RUMSEY,	W. W. NEWCOMB,
HARRY LEHR,	WM. BLAKENY,
W. T EMERSON,	J. H. KELLOGG,
M LEWIS,	S MANNING,
J. W. ADAMS,	RUDOLPH HALL,
LITTLE BOBBY,	WALLIS REEVES,
J. BURNGESS,	C ELMORE,

B BRAHAM.

Each selected for their individual excellence and unequalled talent.
2-tf HARRY HAPGOOD, Agent.

HOOLEY & CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS
From Niblo's Saloon, Broadway, New York.

R. M. HOOLEY, S. C. CAMPBELL, & G. W. H. GRIFFIN, PROPRIETORS.

N. B.—The management tender their sincere acknowledgments for the very kind and liberal patronage bestowed upon them on the occasion of their previous trip through the Western country, and beg leave to announce that they will start on their Second Annual Tour on Wednesday, March 6, 1861, with an entirely new entertainment, and the most talented company of artists ever brought together under one organization.

☞ LOOK AT THE COMPANY ☜

Whose names are too well known to need further comment.

R. M. HOOLEY,	S. C. CAMPBELL,
G. W. H. GRIFFIN,	BEN COTTON,
JOHNNY DULEY,	ROLLIN HOWARD,
G. W. CHARLES,	J. C. REEVES,
F. J. MELVILLE,	R RUIGK,
J. H. SCHMITZ,	CHARLES WERNIG,

W. H SIMMONS.

For particulars see Programmes and Posters.
1 J C. FABB, Agent.

BURTIS' VARIETIES, BROOKLYN,
Cor. of Fulton and Pineapple streets.

ISAAC BURTIS.....Proprietor
B. L. PACKARD.....Treasurer
W. BORDWELL.....Stage Manager

NEW FACES! NEW ACTS!! EVERYTHING NEW!!!

We still adhere to the old motto—
FUN WITHOUT VULGARITY.

New Novelties every week. Songs, Dances, Operatic Burlesques, &c., &c. Admission, 10 cents; Orchestra Seats, 20 cents. 6-tf

563 563 563 BROADWAY. 563 563 563
(Basement.)
ORIGINAL PALACE CONCERT SALOON.
SINGING, DANCING,
ETHIOPIAN PERFORMANCE.
THE BEST CONDUCTED PLACE IN THE CITY.
SOMETHING NEW IN BROADWAY.
SOMETHING NEW IN BROADWAY.

WAITER GIRLS	IN	FANCY COSTUME.
WAITER GIRLS	IN	FANCY COSTUME.
WAITER GIRLS	IN	FANCY COSTUME.
FREE	ADMISSION.	FREE
FREE	ADMISSION.	FREE
BROADWAY.	563 563 563	BROADWAY.
BROADWAY.	563 563 563	BROADWAY.
BROADWAY.	563 563 563	BROADWAY.

Corner of Prince street.
Corner of Prince street.
JAMES L. O'CONNOR, Manager,
7 1t* Late Manager of the Volks Garden.

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
MINSTRELS
Have closed their Opera House, Boston, for the season, and re-open August 1st, 1861, entirely remodelled. During the Summer the company will visit the principal cities in the Canadas and Eastern States, commencing in Montreal, at
MECHANICS' HALL,
Tuesday evening, May 21st, and continue until further notice.
6 LON MORRIS, Manager.

OLYMPIC MUSIC HALL,
(Late Newark Theatre,) NEWARK, N. J.
JOHN MACARTHY.....Proprietor.
THOMAS MACARTHY.....Treasurer.
G. F. ORRIN.....Stage Manager.
MODEL MUSIC HALL OF AMERICA.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT.
SONGS, DANCES, OPERATIC BURLESQUES,
GYMNASTICS, PANTOMIMES, &c., &c.
Admission..... 15 cts. | Dress Circle.....20 cts.
Performers of acknowledged talent can always meet with good engagements by applying as above. 6 tf

WANTED.—Seventy five first class performers.
ETHIOPIAN COMEDIANS,
COMIC SINGERS,
DANSEUSES,
VOCALISTS,
GYMNASTS,
FIFTY YOUNG LADIES FOR THE BALLET.
None but those of acknowledged talent need apply. Address by letter, stating salary,
6 ROBERT W. BUTLER, 444 Broadway.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Proprietor and Manager.....MR. T. MAGUIRE
Stage Manager...MR. J. POWLING | Treasurer.....MR. HAND.
Open for Dramatic, Operatic, and other Amusements.
Prices of Admission:
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats..... .....One Dollar.
Parquet.....50 Cents | Gallery.....25 Cents. 3 tf

MRS. MAGUIRE, of the San Francisco Opera House, is now in this city, for the purpose of engaging talent for the next season. First class Stars, and others of undoubted reputation in the profession, will be treated with on addressing Mrs MAGUIRE, care of New York CLIPPER. 3-tf

LITTLE ROCK THEATRE FOR RENT.—For Minstrels and Exhibitions of all kinds, until the 28th day of October, when the theatrical season commences, and continue until the 28th day of March, 1862. Persons wishing to engage the Theatre, for exhibitions, &c., or for the theatrical season, will please address
2-tf J. F. JAMES, Little Rock Theatre, Ark.

THE MISSES NELSON are now on their Western Tour. Communications will reach them addressed to 49 Bleecker st, N.Y. [5 8t*

CHARLEY PLUNKETT will you please write immediately to Cincinnati, and oblige C Lascelles? 7-1t

AMERICAN HOTEL,
HARTFORD, CONN.,
BY
A S PLIMTON.
AMERICAN HALL,
(Adjoining the House,)
Well fitted for Theatricals, Concerts, &c. 7 5t*

LENT'S NATIONAL CIRCUS,
The most splendid equestrian establishment extant, is now on a tour through the principal towns of
THE NEW ENGLAND STATES. 7 1t*

BROADWAY MUSIC HALL,
BROADWAY MUSIC HALL,
483 & 485 BROADWAY. 483 & 485
483 & 485 BROADWAY. 483 & 485
One door below Broome Street.
OPEN EVERY EVENING,
WITH THE LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANY EVER CONCENTRATED IN ANY PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE WORLD.
Look at the list of Stars.
SIGNORITA ANITA GALETTI,
Premiere Danseuse, from Her Majesty's Theatre, London.
CLARA HARRINGTON,
The justly admired Swedish Nightingale.
MLLE KATARINA,
Principal Danseuse from the Royal Academy, Paris.
THE SCHULTZE SISTERS,
Danseuses and Acrobats, from the Western Theatres.
MISS JULIA CHRISTINE.

MR W O'NEIL,	MR. AYNSLEY COOK,
The favorite Irish Comedian.	The accomplished Baritone.
TONY PASTOR,	MONS. VELARDE,
Comic Vocalist.	Dancer and Pantomimist.
BEN YATES,	W. ARLINGTON,
Grotesque and Fancy Dancer.	Ethiopian Orator and Banjoist.

ADD WEAVER AND MASTER BARNEY,
Delineators of Eccentric Negro Character.

TIM NORTON,	MONS. LA THORNE,
Burlesque Negro Performer.	Herculean and Pantomimist.

THE GREAT BALLET TROUPE,
THE GREAT BALLET TROUPE,
Consisting of thirty young ladies, in Marches, Evolutions, Military Exercises, Tableaus, &c., &c.

Every evening this week the performance will conclude with the beautiful allegorical pantomime of
THE DESERTER,
OR THE SOLDIER'S PUNISHMENT,
In which the following incidents will be introduced:—
Great Gun Dance and Military Exercises by Senorita Galetti.
Triumphal March by the Guarde Nationale of 26 Young Ladies.
Cannon Trick, firing a man from a loaded cannon.
Grand Charge and Military Manœuvres by the Guarde Nationale.
Imposing Tableau and finale,
WASHINGTON,
THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY;
Supported by Liberty and Justice.

ROBERT W. BUTLER.....Sole Lessee and Proprietor.
MONS. LA THORNE.....Stage Manager.
BEN YATES.....Ballet Master.
F. VON OLKER.....Musical Director.

ADMISSION:

Dress Circle and Parquet....25 cts.	Family Circle.....18 cts.
Orchestra Chairs.....50 cts.	Private Boxes.....$4 00

Doors open at 7 o'clock; performance to commence at a quarter before 8. 7

AMERICAN MUSIC HALL,
444 BROADWAY. 444 BROADWAY.
Cheapest and most agreeable place of amusement in the world.
EVERY PERFORMER AN ARTISTE
ALL FAVORITES WITH THE PUBLIC.
THE MOST MIRTHFUL ENTERTAINMENT EVER GIVEN IN THIS OR ANY OTHER COUNTRY.
Positively the last week of
CHARLEY WHITE'S
CHARLEY WHITE'S
GREAT BURLESQUE ON MAZEPPA.
GREAT BURLESQUE ON MAZEPPA.
Don't fail to see it. Remember this is the last week. In addition to the above splendid spectacle, several New Ballets by Paul Brillant, in which our immense Ballet Troupe will appear, consisting of meritorious dancers, seldom if ever equalled, all in conjunction with
OUR TRIO OF COMEDIANS!
Consisting of gentlemen of acknowledged celebrity, making in all a monster exhibition of four hours length, comprising talent, novelty and fun, all for the following nominal
PRICES OF ADMISSION:
Parquet.....20 cts | Gallery.....10 cts.
7 CHARLEY WHITE, Acting Manager.

BANJO CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—In answer to C. E. Dobson's challenge to play me a match at Banjo playing, I, the undersigned, do accept it, to play Mr. Dobson a match at Jigs only. To show I mean business, I leave a deposit of $10 in the hands of J. Bogan, 171 East 12th street, hoping he will immediately cover it. Time and place to be agreed on. [7 1*] P. DIXON.

CONCERT SALOON AGENCY.—The ladies and gentlemen engaged for Geo. J. Dengle's Concert Saloon, St. Louis, will please assemble in the reception room at 89 West Houston street, on Saturday, June 1st, at 2 o'clock P M. J. CONNER, Agent. Ballet Girls wanted for the city. Miss Hannah Birch need not apply. 7-1t*

FRANK RIVERS' MELODEON,
Callowhill Street, Philadelphia.
LAST WEEK IN THE QUAKER CITY.
The Melodeon will close its doors on Saturday evening next, after one of the most successful seasons on record. For this week a splendid bill is offered.
On Tuesday, June 4th, the whole Melodeon Operatic Dramatic, Ballet and Pantomimic Troupe, will open for a short season at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn. The friends and patrons of this great company can be duly posted at all times by their advertisement in the NEW YORK CLIPPER.
FRANK RIVERS, Proprietor.
A. S PRENTISS, General Agent. 7-1t

JUST PUBLISHED—THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF VENTRILOQUISM, with full and comprehensive instructions in the Art, embracing many eccentric anecdotes of distinguished performers, illustrating the astonishing effects produced by this peculiar art. By Prof. G. W. Kirbye, Ventriloquist, Equilibrist, Magician, Athlete, &c., and author of the "Acoustic Telegraph," "Second-Sight Mystery Unmasked," and "The Life and Adventures of all the Distinguished Ventriloquists and Magicians that have appeared in America during the last fifty years." Price 15 cents, or any two of the above for 25 cents. Liberal inducements offered to the trade. Orders received by Prof. KIRBYE, No 23 North Sixth st, Philadelphia, and by JAS CONNER, 89 W. Houston st., New York. 7 1t*

BANJO AND JIG DANCING taught by letter. On receipt of $1 I will send three written lessons on the Banjo or Jig Dancing. Address J. BOGAN, 171 East 12th street, N. Y. 7 1t*

☞ We have letters for S S. Purdy, E. Evans, Jas. Riley, and Mr. D. P. Bowers.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, May 27, 1861.

"Grim visaged war" has not yet smoothed its wrinkled front; neither have our swords and other tools of battle been turned into agricultural implements, except to dig the soil for intrenchments on "Virginia's consecrated ground." Each day brings us nearer to the "pending conflict," the clash of arms in which will be fierce and deadly. With warlike movements constantly going on in our midst, it is surprising that we have a single place of amusement open in the city. Laura Keene's theatre is still in operation; so is the Winter Garden; the New Bowery is worrying out the season, and Barnum's "lecture room" is not yet closed. The Old Bowery is shut up, its last occupants being volunteers in the great National drama now being enacted. The National was recently put to a like good purpose, it being impossible to make theatricals pay there. Wallack's theatre is now a concert saloon, and Niblo's is "closed for repairs, renovation," and a suitable tenant. Heretofore, this has been a good paying summer house, but managers seem loth to touch it while the day of battle is at hand. Wallack's new theatre is being decorated and furnished up for the fall campaign, and the Academy of Music is "in a lonely, solemn darkness hung." The French theatre has been turned into a concert hall, but, in keeping with its unfortunate theatrical career, fails to pay even as a cheap singing shop. The Stadt Theatre, in the Bowery, has gone in, but an occasional entertainment is given there for charitable purposes. Such is the present condition of things theatrical in the Empire City. We have an abundance of "amusing material" here to form several regiments of soldiers, but nothing else for them to do. Some are leaving, while others are daily arriving. Their occupation is gone for a season, at least; what the advent of the autumn months may have in store for them, will depend upon the state of the country when that epoch sets in.

Mr Jefferson and Mrs Wood concluded their season at the Winter Garden on the 25th. During the past week business had a somewhat healthy look in the auditorium; we hope the treasury exhibited a corresponding improvement. This evening Mr. Sothern and his American Cousin commence a season.

Lloyd's Minstrels, as originally organized, are passing away. Secession has made sad havoc in their ranks, and this once-excellent troupe is now not much more than a shadow of its former existence. D. S. Wambold, the great ballad singer, was the first to leave; he sailed for England on the 18th ult. Since his departure others have left the troupe. Charley Fox, the 'other end man, has joined Christy's party. J. A. Herrman, ballad singer, also joined the Christys. Gustave Bideaux, the baritone, leaves this week; he, too, goes to England, and will probably take passage on the 1st of June. Asche is with Lloyd no more, and others have left whose names we cannot call to mind. The troupe, what there is of it, with a few additions from different companies, is striving to make a pleasing entertainment, but business is very bad. We dropped in on Friday evening, on the occasion of Bideaux's benefit. The night was beautiful; extra efforts had been made to secure a good house, and a number of volunteers had proffered their services, among them Gustave Geary (H. Percey,) Frank Leslie, Ben Yates (who did not appear,) D. L. Scott, and Jas Morrison. Notwithstanding these additional attractions, and the occasion itself, the hall was not more than half occupied. There seems to be a sort of ill luck attending the manager of the troupe, for, notwithstanding he had at one time the best minstrel company ever organized, the concern never paid. Probably the reported association of the name of the manager with the proprietor of a Southern publication has tended to his injury. Certain it is that the troupe has not paid, and does not pay at present. Recently salaries were cut down, in order to make the expenses lighter, and keep the troupe together. We do not believe the concern will occupy its present quarters through the season.

Laura Keene still waves. She, too, has been cutting down her people. We object to this, because she has had a very successful season, and was not obliged to reduce salaries. To be sure, her houses have not been so large as formerly, but still they have been large enough to more than cover expenses. There have been several benefits of late. Tom Johnson realized about $25 more than expenses. Lotty Hough did a little better, and Tom Baker made a big thing of his night. This week the "Sisters" will be the attraction, as usual.

D. S. Wambold, late of Lloyd's Minstrel's, sailed for England on the 18th ult., in the steamship City of Baltimore.

"Broadway Music Hall," formerly Wallack's Theatre, was opened by Manager Robert Butler, on the 22d ult., as a Concert Saloon. The opening night brought a large audience, the Theatre being quite full, and the receipts amounting to between $500 and $600. The two following nights, the attendance was good, but not so large as on the opening night. On Saturday night, 25th, the house was full, with the exception of a portion of the orchestra seats. When we first announced that Mr. Butler had secured a year's lease of the Theatre for $12 000, and intended to turn it into a Concert Hall, many persons gravely shook their heads, hummed and hawed, and predicted a speedy termination; not so manager Butler; he said some things could be done as well as others; he advertised for the best talent in the field, and by his liberal terms soon gathered about him a most excellent and versatile troupe of *artists*. We spent an evening there last week, and herewith give in our experience. The broad stairway formerly leading from the entrance floor to the dress circle has been turned into a bar room, and a narrower stairway gives means of ingress to the first circle. Refreshment tables and counters have also been established in the rear of the dress circle, and a bar room attached to the upper tier. The auditorium has undergone little or no change. Little wooden trays have been fixed upon the backs of the benches, in which to place glasses, etc., when purchasers have taken a nip. "Pretty waiter girls" shine out in all their resplendent loveliness, and attend to the wants of the inner man with courteous alacrity. Some of them *are* pretty, while others will not bear a very close scrutiny. What some may lack in personal attractions is more than atoned for in conversational powers. On the whole, the "pretty waiter girls," one and all, are an important adjunct to the success of the establishment, and cannot well be dispensed with. Can they, Susey? The forces on the stage consist of Aynsley Cook, baritone singer, late of the Cooper Opera Troupe, and Bryant's minstrels. Mr. Cook appears to better advantage in opera than on the minstrel or concert boards. He is an excellent actor, of rare comic ability, but in ballads has no opportunity to display his powers; he was well received, but not with that spirit which always greets Billy O'Neil, Tony Pastor, etc. Billy O'Neil, Irish comedian and vocalist, is a favorite wherever he goes. His Irish eccentricities called down the house, and again and again was he encored. Tony Pastor, formerly known as a clown, but who, of late, has taken to the concert boards, is engaged here. He was laboring under the effects of a cold on the occasion of our visit, and we might not be doing him justice to criticise his singing and drolleries at this time. Mlle Garaletti, whose *debut* at Niblo's Garden we noticed some months ago, is a great card for Mr. Butler. She is a dashing dancer, bold and fearless in her movements, yet graceful and correct in all she undertakes. She is ably seconded by Mons. Velarde, whose gyrations are truly wonderful. These dancers were received with deafening applause, and, in obedience to the demand of the spectators, repeated the concluding and most difficult portions of their dances. Clara Harrington, ballad singer, dresses gorgeously, sings passably, and stands like a statue. Ben Yates is the ballet master. In dancing, Ben does not appear to as good advantage as formerly. Just now, he is a better director than dancer. In the "cullerd persuashun," there are Add Weaver, Master Barney, Tim Norton and W. Arlington. The two former do a very clever trifle, called the "Young Scamp." Both are capital performers, and in some of his actions, little Barney reminds us of the lamented Jerry Bryant. Tim Norton is a good comedian, and Arlington has brought himself into notice through his "Essence of Virginny" dance. The ballet consists of M'lle. Katarina, Lizzie Shultze, Matilda Shultze, Julia Christine, Sophie Wilton, and numerous other young damsels to "fame unknown." Mons. La Thorne, the stage manager, performs some feats of jugglery in a creditable manner. To see all these performers in their several parts, at the modest prices of 25 and 13 cents, is a chance not thrown away by theatre goers, and may account for the good attendance thus far. In the parquet and dress circle, we noticed that the visitors appeared to be of a different class from those usually to be found at concert halls. We also observed that the house began to thin out at 11 o'clock. An entertainment occupying about three hours will probably answer for this house.

Tom Prendergast, (we beg pardon, Lieutenant) was one of the first to set foot on Alexandria ground, when that Virginia city was captured by the U. S. forces. Tom, it will be remembered, was the pleasing ballad singer so long engaged with Bryant's Minstrels. He is now singing "Hail Columbia" in the ears of traitors. Bully for him. Friend Prendergast is with the 71st (N. Y.) Regiment.

Cordelia Howard and her parents, who commenced an engagement at the New Bowery on the 20th ult., will remain there the present week. G. L. Aikin's "Scarlet Letter" is to be produced this week. Circumstances have made it necessary for the manager to cut down salaries here. The people acquiesced, for they knew how matters were going, and that expenses must be reduced, or the house closed for the present.

Mr. T. B. Johnston has been compelled to knock under at last. He has been in feeble health for a long time, but managed to attend to his business at Laura Keene's until last week, when he became much worse, and had to take to his bed. He is said to be very low, and it is thought that he cannot long survive.

George Vandenhoff was among the passengers for Liverpool, by the Great Eastern, which sailed from here at an early hour on the morning of the 25th May.

Among the arrivals from Europe last week were Mrs. Matilda Heron and husband, and Mr. Neafie, tragedian.

There's many a man travelling a rugged path just now, and not a bit of fun connected with the journey. Now, if you wish to enjoy a hearty laugh, go and see the Sons of Malta on the Rugged Path at Bryant's Minstrel Hall. Dan Bryant and Eph Horn are working well together, and keep up the funny business of this establishment in a clever style. Business is very good. Aynsley Cook is no longer with the company.

Sam Cowell, who is now singing at the Melodeon, receives a salary of $250 per week. The engagement, we understand, is for four weeks, and there, we presume, it will end, for the business now doing by the establishment does not warrant the payment of such an exhorbitant salary.

Gen. Tom Thumb and *suite* have returned to New York, and will appear this evening, and throughout the week, at Hope Chapel. Gustavus Geary and his daughter Mina have been engaged to assist in the Thumb entertainments.

There is nothing particularly new at Barnum's. The curiosities attract the strangers, and the entertainments in the lecture room continue to draw in a sprinkling of the moral people who object to theatres.

Herrman, the Wizard, we presume is shortly to appear here, for we notice in the Sunday papers a number of "wonderful stories," in which the sorceror figures prominently at so much per line. Come, Mr. Herrman, this old dodge is played out here, and you will do much better by avoiding such clap trap nonsense.

Letters received here from England, represent Mr. Sloan to be in a very critical state. He only recently arrived in Liverpool, from New York.

Jo. Cushing, recently of Howe & Cushing's Circus, in England, is now in this city.

A new London farce, entitled "Bowled Out," was produced at the Winter Garden on the 23d, but wouldn't take, and was bowled out after the second night.

The Canterbury having found it much better to return to the legitimate rules of society, has dropped the namby-pamby, milk and water criticisms of its own house, thereby introducing a slap all round at their neighbors, and comes out of the fire with flaming tri-color hand-bills of what's going on there. See the list:—J. H. Ogden, Tom Hayes, the Lawrence Brothers, (including the Pocket Cown.) Byron Christy, Signor Carlo, Signor Grossi, Frank Spear, W. Ross, P. Colwell, C. Newton, Abecco, and Dave Braham, leader of orchestra; Miss Agnes Sutherland, M'lle. Marietta, Misses Anna and Caroline, (what?) Kate and Lizzie Francis, and a dozen more maidens for the tableaux dances. Monday night the following additions were to have been made:—Miss H. O Lalande, Mr. and Mrs. Montanari, Hernandez, Max Irwin, M'lle. Lamoureux, and Lizzie Wheesley. The great "Miranda" of opera fame was posted in two foot letters as being on here, but he broke down on the first night, and that was a finisher.

Lea has been trying to make a splurge by securing Sam Cowell at the Melodeon. With this exception, affairs are the same as hereinbefore noticed a short time back. "La Peri," a new pantomime, has been produced as a feeler to the "Mephistopholis" of De Canter-bury Hall, as Snyder calls it. Gregoire is still Lacombe, and Lacombe is Gregoire, but it's all the same in Irish.

Lady Washington nightly continues to make those perilous assents up the frightful precipices, and so forth, with Charley White lashed to her back, in the local burlesque, "Mazeppa, or the Wild Mare of the Bowery." In the last scene, the demolition of the castle at Hoboken, the victorious army fling out their banner with "4, 11, 41" on, and when Mazepa is supposed to be dying he gasps out faintly: "For heaven's sake bring me the slip!" It's the first time we were aware that Mazeppa played policy, but Mr. White settles this important historical question to the satisfaction of all. Quinn, as Greasy-Eye, pours forth his melodious notes in Millie's ears, and is always anxious to be of service to the prince because he once gave him a shilling. For broad and button-busting caricatures you can go to no better place than the "American," 444 Broadway.

Unsworth's Minstrels have returned to New York, and will take a vacation during the summer solstice. They played through the Canadas last, to very good business, our correspondents in Montreal, Quebec, etc., making very favorable mention of the troupe. In the Ogdensburg *Advance* we see it stated that the company paid its bills in "advance," a good policy, and one that cannot fail to benefit the boys in their future travels. We think the idea of holding off for a short season, good, because the war excitement, to say nothing of the heat, will seriously interfere with all entertainments this season. In their respective lines, Messrs Unsworth, Donniker and Eugene have but few equals, and although we may miss them for a time, the opening of the fall campaign will no doubt introduce them and their troupe to our notice in many new acts.

Ariah Isaacs Menken returned to New York, this, Monday morning, from Pittsburgh. She will remain here a few days, and then leave for Albany.

In the notice of the Eagle Concert Saloon, in last week's CLIPPER, we unwittingly did injustice to the proprietor, J. B. Ayres. The article appeared during our absence from the city. The trouble alluded to in the article originated in the "consumptive boy's" impudence, and the bar keeper did no more than his duty in ejecting the offender. Mr. Ayres is an American, and not of the "German persuasion," as stated. For a free concert saloon the company is unusually large, comprising nearly a dozen performers, and the establishment is well patronized. In justice to the proprietor, we cheerfully make the correction.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Prof. Carl was to entertain the public of Poughkeepsie on the 24th and 25th ult.

Palace Garden, Cincinnati, was well filled on the evening of the 21st ult., to witness the feats of Alex. Cobb's trained dog—jumping through hoops, climbing ladders, dancing and walking on his hind feet, being the peculiar *forte* of the canine. The minstrels were still warbling there, and Sanford is reported to have made a great hit as a comic vocalist.

Speaking of Dan Rice, the *New Orleans Crescent* says:—"Dan Rice, well known in this city, made a speech to some soldiers, the other day in Erie, Penn. We find this speech published in the *Cincinnati Inquirer*. He told the volunteers that they were going 'to annihilate treason, to subdue rebels,' etc., etc. That was not the way Dan Rice talked when he was here last winter, but—never mind!"

Rumsey & Newcomb opened at St. Johns, N. B., the night after the Denier Brothers closed, to a good house. There is likely to be some fun there. It seems that R. & N.'s agent, Harry Hapgood, telegraphed from Halifax for the hall for one week, with the privilege of another, which was agreed to by the agent of the hall. In the meantime, however, Shorey, of Shorey & Reynolds' Minstrels, came on and engaged the hall, to commence as soon as the other party had played their week out. Both engagements were all correct, and somebody has got to suffer. Hapgood, on the 18th ult., tendered the money for the hall for another week, which was refused by the hall agent. Law proceedings are to be instituted, when it is thought the party now there will hold possession, and Shorey must obtain redress from the hall owners.

Madame Comte Borchardt, it was reported, lost her entire theatrical wardrobe at a fire in New Orleans recently. It appears, however, that she did not sustain such a wholesale loss, as a policeman succeeded in saving three trunks with their contents, and her jewelry box.

Movements of Minstrels, &c., in England, from our correspondent "Wide Awake:"—London, May 10, '61. FRIEND FRANK.—The weather is very dull here; we have not had a fine day for some time. The war in America is affecting the business of this country. The people are very anxious to hear the news by every steamer as they arrive, and the papers are making a good thing of it. The people here all seem to side with the North, while the papers support the South; but I hope e're you receive this that it will be all settled. The theatres and concert halls are all doing well.....'Colleen Bawn" will be played to-night for the 165th time, and the people are still turned away. The Adelphi has become quite popular by this piece, and Webster, the manager, must have made an immense sum.....The Rocky Mountain Wonders have just returned to London, from Liverpool, where they played at the Royal Amphitheatre to good houses for one week. Another of this company met with an accident. Roesheat fell from the trapeze the same as Magilton, and is lying dangerously ill in Liverpool; but we are happy to state that Magilton is fast recovering, and hope Roesheat will soon be the same.....Murray and Holland, the Roman brothers, have returned to London, and are playing at the Alhambra and Cremorne Gardens. .....A new band of Minstrels called the Savannahs, twelve in number, made their first appearance at the Alhambra last Monday, and it ought to have been their last. Tom Handford and Wash Norton assisted them in the Walk Round. It was a lucky thing for Norton that he had signed papers for three months before he commenced performing at this house, or else his engagement would have been very short. So much for being well recommended. What will Wash do next? We shall see. The next that comes will have to show what he can do first.....Warden has left the nigger business, and is giving Sunday evening lectures. Oh! Neddy, Neddy, what a change is that! Farrenberg and West are only doing one place a night.....Crocker, Ritter and Donaldson are playing at two places.....I believe the boys are getting played out. Salaries are very low here at present for the nigs..... Mackney has made a big hit at Weston's singing "I wish I was with Nancy," a parody on Dixie's land.....At the Canterbury, Mr. and Master Wood are doing Old and Young Bob Ridley. This boy is a great card, and puts us in mind of young American Master Hughes.....The African Opera Troupe, under the management of H. Templeton and Joe Brown, have been doing a good business. Joe has been obliged to give up his jig dancing, on account of ill health, and he is now an end man doing funny business.....The Christys will perform every afternoon during Whitsun week at the Crystal Palace, and at Her Majesty's Concert Room in the evening. Harry Castor has left this company, and Drummond, late of the Campbells, has been engaged in his place.....The Buckleys have been playing two weeks in Liverpool to poor houses.....Messrs. Phelps and Creswick have been drawing good houses at the Surrey Theatre.....The Cremorne opened on Monday night, May 6th, and was crowded.....Sims Reeves takes his benefit at the large St. James' Hall on Monday, the 13th.....The Swiss Female singers are at the St. James' Hall. One of them sings "The Captain and his Whiskers" very funny. They are becoming very popular, and will be burlesqued shortly by the Christys.....Leotard, the French trapeze, is the great card at Cremorne.....The new Concert Hall, the Oxford, is doing a good business. Mr. Levy, the cornet player, and the brothers Conrad, are performing there with great success.....James Anderson is the star at the Standard Theatre.

Yankee Bierce, after completing engagements at the Theatre Royal and Royal Standard, Liverpool, Eng., opened on April 30th, at the Queen's Theatre, Edinburgh, Scotland, for five nights, in the "Forest Rose," and "A Wife for a Day." He appeared at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, on the 6th ult., for the benefit of the manager and treasurer, Mr Houghton.

Prof. Wise, the balloon man, we learn, is raising a military company at Lancaster, Pa.

The Denier brothers were to perform at Prince Edward's Island on the 23d ult. They were then to proceed to Halifax, and return to St. Johns by or before the 15th of June. They are doing a business quite equal to their expectations.

Dramatic entertainments are given twice a week at Salt Lake City, Utah. Shakespeare is altogether ignored. The bard of Avon must shine elsewhere; at least, we learn that there appears very little chance for him to be represented thereaway.

A white whale, twelve feet in length, and weighing 2000 pounds, taken from the Saguenay river, Canada, is on exhibition at the Aquarial Garden, Boston.

Dick Sliter is dead! This melancholy news reached us on the 23d ult. C. Lascelles, in writing from the Hibbard House, Jackson, Mich., says that he breathed his last at that establishment, at 11 o'clock, A. M. *this morning*, but did not date his letter. By an examination of the post-mark, we presume it was on the 21st ult.

At the National Theatre, Cincinnati, Church's local burlesque, entitled "Our Home Guard," has been put on the boards. Prominent among its attractions are a female military company, who execute the drill of the Chicago Zouaves, and a band of female minstrels. The management intend keeping it on until it ceases to draw, which from all accounts, is not likely to be the case very soon.

The Nelson sisters and Alfred Nelson, were still performing at the Academy of Music, Milwaukee, at last advices.

A company from New Orleans, is in possession of the theatre at Houston, Texas. The company includes Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, leading characters; A. H. Campbell, comedian, and W. A. Clark, manager. A. H. Campbell is the stage manager, and John Hertford, Treasurer. Miss EmmaWalker, formerly leading lady, was married on the 12th ult. to J. C. Evans, scene painter. The establishment was doing a fair business.

At Indianapolis, the Antonio brothers were doing well, and pleasing the people there on the 16th ult. John Allen's museum of curiosities accompanied them as a side show.....The theatre is doing a paying business only, Miss McCarthy and Jennie Hight being the principal attractions.....A panorama of the war is on exhibition at Masonic Hall.....Sam Gulick is there, and is painting a "stupendous" panorama of the war.

Mr Felchter is engaged by Augustus Harris for this and next year, and will represent several Shakspearean characters in England, during the exhibition of 1862.

John Brougham was to leave England for New York, in a "day or two," we learn by recent advices.

"Willy Reilly and His Own Dear Cooleen Bawn," founded on the old Irish ballad, has been dramatised by Mr. J. F. O'Neil, who, with his wife, are taking the leading characters in it, at the Marylebone Theatre, London.

The "Bryant and Campbell Minstrels" have been holding forth at Holder's Concert Hall, Birmingham, Eng., so it is said. They must be a spurious crowd, or why would they attempt to do business on the reputation of others?

Fred North is the proprietor of Pekin Music Hall, and has engaged one Jim Plant, who, it is said, is some on the tambourine.

Gardiner Coyne was still coining the "spone" at Cork, but was to make way for a Mr. Lawrence, after the 12th ult.

On Monday, 13th ult., "Father Kemp's Old Folks, from America," were to take possession for the ensuing week, of the Free Trade Hall, at Manchester, Eng.

Mr. J. Proctor took a benefit at the Theatre Royal, Northampton, Eng., on the 3d ult., which resulted in a goodly return of £ s. d. to his treasury.

Howes and Cushing's circus were at Newcastle-on-Tyne on the 6th ult., accompanied by one of the men that didn't get the bell, and young Broome, who, together, exemplified the fistic art.

A Paris letter says:—"The Theatres have been doing a fine business during the late changeable, cold giving weather. The total receipts at all places of amusement were, during the month of April, 1 635,459f., being nearly a franc a month per head for the whole population of Paris, men, women, and children. The theatres are in general overflowing just now; The Francais and the Odeon, the Gymnase, the Porte St. Martin, and the Bouffes are crowded every night, and in some of them it is difficult to obtain a place. M. Offenbach and his gay company are about to quit us in the midst of an enormous success, to fulfil engagements at Berlin and Vienna. The new theatres on the Place du Chatelet are approaching completion; and the little Theatre Imperial du Cirque, in which the triumphs of the first empire were illustrated by man and horse, amid the thundering plaudits of the men of the faubourgs of the last generation, will be swept away by the inexorable fiend, improvement, who has already broken the hearts of half the poets and archæologists."

Capt. Morton Price and Miss Lucette, gave an entertainment at Woolwich, Eng., on the 8th ult.

Mr. J. H. Allen took a benefit at the Gayety Theatre, Albany, on the 24th ult., when the new Union Drama, "Show your Colors," of which the concluding tableau is the downfall of the Secession Flag and triumph of the Stars and Stripes, was represented. Miss Josephine Henry made her first appearance on the above evening, as Clara. Business fair.

Mr. Harry Leslie, of the Green Street Concert Hall, Albany, accomplished, on the evening of the 23d ult., the very difficult feat of walking on a rope from the rear of the roof of the theatre, to the top of a building on the eastern side of Green

family at Syracuse, N. Y., having completed his northern tour. He starts out again soon for Auburn, Geneva, Waterloo, Seneca Falls, Canandaigua, Rochester, and other places in that direction.

The Pyne & Harrison Troupe were at the Theatre Royal, Du Qin, where they gave the "Crown Diamonds" on the 7th ult.

At the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, Mrs. Chas. Matthews made her first appearance in the "Adventures of a Love Letter," on the 3d ult., for the benefit of its author, her devoted "Crawles."

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kean were to appear in the "Merchant of Venice" on the 13th, for one night only, at Huddersfield, Eng.

Buckley's Serenaders occupied the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, during the week ending on the 11th ult.

Spalding & Rogers' Circus will show in Albany this week.

At the Albany Concert Hall they give a tableau, illustrative of Col. Wilson's Zouaves taking the oath of vengeance against traitors to their country.

In addition to those named in our last as performing at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, the following have since arrived, and joined the company, viz: Mr. Charles Pope, J. C. McCollom, Mr Curran, and J. W. Carroll, altogether forming quite an effective force. Miss St. Clair and Mr. Charles Barras remained there as stars last week, and will probably continue there the present week.

Dan Rice seems to have placed himself in an unenviable position by the course he has pursued in regard to the pending troubles of our country. Last week, we had news from Cincinnati that Dan refused to raise the American flag, and had gone to the "old Kentucky shore" rather than conform to the demands of the Ohio people. We have not seen the statement denied, although the showman is out in a card, in which he states that his course has been misrepresented by a member of the New York press, who has a personal pique against him. This may be so, to a certain extent, but the New Orleans *Crescent* plainly asserts that Dan's Northern sentiments are entirely at variance with those held by him while performing in that city last winter. This has not yet been denied by Rice, and until proof is forthcoming that Dan was a Union man, or innocent of secession opinions, in the South, this section of the country will be too unhealthy for him to venture to show in it.

Several members of the "secession" volunteers recently attached to the New Orleans Varieties, are now performing at the St. Louis Theatre. Among these we see the names of Mark Smith, and A. H. Davenport. Are they working their way in this direction, or do they intend to make a full stop in St. Louis? Surely they cannot mean to play in the loyal cities!

The Martinetti Ravel Troupe closed their engagement at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, Cal., on April 23d, with a benefit to Mlle Desire and M Mathieu. The "Star" Dramatic Troupe opened to a fine house on the succeeding evening, in "The Wife's Secret" and "The Dead Heart."

The Martinettis went under canvass at San Francisco, Cal., on April 26th, after which they were to give three more performances there, prior to a tour into the interior.

Dr. Bassett's Circus was making a successful tour of the Southern mines, and appeared at Sonora, Cal., on April 27th.

Mr. and Mrs. Stark and company gave several performances at the San Jose Theatre, Cal., during the week, ending April 20th.

Mrs. Julia Deane Hayne and troupe performed at Folsom, Cal., during the week, ending April 27th.

How they Treat "Show Folks" in the South.—Editor Clipper—Mr. De Courcy, now at the Pittsburgh Theatre, relates his escape from the South to the "Smoky City," in the following manner:—Having occasion to stop at Nashville, Tenn., he and a friend were accosted in a saloon by a couple of "bravos," who inquired where they were from. Mr. De Courcy respectfully informed them that they were then just from Montgomery, Ala. The "bravos" replied that it was a d——d lie, that they were New Yorkers; adding the question if they "knew what they done to New Yorkers in their town?" Mr. De Courcy said he did not. "Well," said they, "we hang the d——m Northerners!" Mr De Courcy and friend then turned on their heels to depart, but they were detained, taken to a hotel, and only managed to escape by slipping out by a back way; flying from the city, and taking passage for Pittsburgh, which city they reached, glad in their souls to escape so easily with their lives.

Mr. Lester, of one of the Southern theatres, in a letter to a friend, says he only escaped being pressed into the Southern army by feigning sickness, working his way to a seaport town, and returning home by sea. This gentleman, we understand, is now enlisted in the Federal army, ready to fight the enemies of his country.

Mr. William Powers, for the past two seasons attached to the Memphis (Tenn.) Theatre, was engaged to perform with a dramatic company in several of the cities south, and while on his way there, it came to his knowledge that it was the design of the "secessionists" to press him and the male members of the company into the southern army. This decided Mr. Powers to disband the company, he paying, as far as he could, their way to their homes, leaving the boat at Cairo. There he noticed several suspicious characters who had got off with him, but not fearing them, at night he took the cars for Evansville, Indiana, and there he took the boat for Louisville. On the boat three rascals were continually watching him, and saying among themselves that he was a spy for the North, and in the employ of Lincoln, and that he ought to be stopped; but as the boat was running as much on the Indiana as Kentucky side, he trusted as an innocent man not to be disturbed. On reaching Louisville, he took cars for Cincinnati; on the train he found four men seated behind him, who were in earnest conversation. Finding himself the subject of it, he overheard that they had been dispatched by the others to watch him; if possible, to insult him, get him off the train, and hang him; then make tracks. This so alarmed him, that he spoke to the brakesman and several others in the cars, as to what to do. They tried to quiet his fears, but his faith in their intentions was so strong, that he leaped from the train, it being under full headway, and thereby escaped from them at the peril of his life, sadly bruising himself; in fact, so much so, that he lay in Cincinnati nearly a week, before he could proceed on his journey. Reaching Pittsburgh, manager Henderson engaged him to play during the summer season; but his nervous system had received such a shock from the dangers he had gone through, that, after performing two weeks in Pittsburgh, he threw up his engagement, and returned home, having lost the entire savings of two seasons in the dramatic business.

Now why is such a thing suffered? Are not our cities full of Southern people, and if they remain quiet are they ever molested? No. How is it in some parts of the South? To be a "northerner" is only signing one's own death warrant. Why is it that the thousands that are flying from the South are glad to escape with their lives, hundreds leaving fortunes and friends, merely to reach the northern States? Even Southerners by birth are flying North, merely to escape being pressed into the Southern army. I can point out hundreds. Look at the decks and cabins of every boat that has left Memphis, Orleans, and other Southern ports lately. See how they are crowded with human beings, trembling with fear lest the boat should be boarded, and they torn back to fight in the traitors' ranks. See every train of cars from the South, how they are laden with passengers going north; indeed, so great was the stampede that some of the rebel States have stopped it altogether, and won't permit a man to leave; travellers are hourly stopped; northerners treated like pirates; set upon for spies; a reward offered for their assassination, if they fail to secure them by the press gang system. But let them beware! The eye of an avenging people is now upon them. The day of retribution is at hand, and the traitors who have raised this whirlwind of discord will find ere long that it will encircle and destroy them.

"Union Man."

Madigan's Great Show seems to be one of the very few companies out this season that have met with anything like a paying business. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, of last week, they performed on City Hall Lot, Brooklyn, and during their stay there, were crowded every night, the afternoon attendance being small. Spalding & Rogers' Railroad Circus "showed" there a short time previously, but did a wretched business. We attended the Great Show on Saturday last, and were very much pleased with the entire performances; indeed, we doubt very much if there is a company out this season that can surpass Madigan's for beautiful style of equestrianism and gymnastic exercises. Since the company left Philadelphia, many very valuable additions to the concern have been made, and at present it is one of the largest now traveling. The bright particular "star" seems to be Mons. Sebastian, one of the best double act bare-back riders in the country. The piece of horse-flesh which he rides, is one of the handsomest we ever saw. Mons. Sebastian performs the very difficult feat of leaping through a balloon (apparently almost too small to crawl through) while the horse is at full speed, and without pad or bridle. He is one of the most graceful riders we have had in this country for some time. Master James Madigan's feat of throwing a double somerset while in the air, is a very difficult act. Mr. Wolfsohn's light and heavy balancing is one of the great features of this Show. He balances on his chin a large sized plow with eight chairs and a ladder piled on it. The leaping and tumbling by Messrs James Madigan, Willis, Armstrong, Devere, De Winnie, and Delavante, are most extraordinary; and we doubt very much, if Mr. Tom King would not find himself pushed very hard, were he and James Madigan to compete for the championship. May we not hear of something of the kind? Jule Kent [pupil of Dan Rice] seems to please as Jester. He is also a very clever singer. We have reserved for the last [because last on the bill] the most attractive part of the performance—the four wonderful performing elephants, Antony, Cleopatra, Victoria, and Albert. Among the most difficult, and at the same time most surprising of their performances, is that of mounting a pedestal, and standing on the head; also playing the hand organ, and a great many more wonderful feats too numerous to mention. We understand that this is the only company out this season that has, so far, remained out and not reduced salaries one-third or one half. This speaks well for the management, and as every one knows Hank Madigan, as an old performer and a very deserving man, we trust that he will meet with a prosperous season. They opened at Albany on the 27th, then to Troy, Syracuse, &c.

Mrs. Vincent, the representative of "first old women" at the Boston Museum for the past nine years, has not been re-engaged by Mr. Keach, for the coming season. She was to have left for New York on Monday, May 27th, to endeavor to make an engagement there.

Theatrical business has been slow in Cincinnati during the past week. Palace Garden done moderately well, and that is all. Miss Louisa Payne "secessed" from thence on the 21st ult., intending to appear at Pittsburgh soon.

Mr. Scallan made his last appearance at the Louisville Theatre on the 21st ult., for the benefit of the "National Grays."

"The Nightingales," an amateur company of Council Bluffs, Iowa, gave a concert at Omaha, N. T., on the 16th ult., at Herndon Hall.

"A Clown Show," of which Frank Phelps and Dr. Jim Thayer are the conductors, was to exhibit its clownish tricks at Syracuse, N. Y., on the 27th and 28th ult.

The news from Pittsburgh will be found in the following letter of our correspondent "Adelphi," of date May 25.—Friend Queen:—Miss Adah Isaacs Menken has been playing the second week of her engagement at the Pittsburgh Theatre to very fair business—not so good, however, as on the previous week. Following is a brief summary of the "doings" since I last wrote. The week commenced with "Satan in Paris" and the "French Spy," a good audience attending. On Tuesday, the "Fast Women of Modern Times" and "Lola Montez" took possession of the boards. On Wednesday, the pretty little farce "Nora Creina" was done by the stock company, and Miss Menken sustained thirteen characters in the "Female Brigand" and "A Day in Paris." On Thursday, Shakspeare had a "finger in the pie," the programme for the evening embracing "Katharine and Petruchio," "Black Eyed Susan," and the laughable pantomime of "Mad as a March Hare"—Maffitt as clown; Ward as Harlequin; M'lle Marie Olive as Columbine, and Daly as Pantaloon. Miss Adah made a second appeal to the generosity of the theatre-going public on Friday. She appeared as "Smike," and as Poll, in the "Distressed Female;" she likewise undertook the arduous part of "Shylock," in the trial scene, and recited Drake's address to the American flag. Her conception and rendition of Smike was very fine, indeed; but we would advise her never to attempt Shylock again. Characters of such calibre are altogether out of her line. In addition to the dramatic portion of the entertainments, Young Blondin has been exhibiting his proficiency in rope walking during the week, and the fascinating M'lle Marie Olive has been performing double duty, being down every night for two dances—four, in fact, as her hosts of admirers never permit her to "vanish" without an emphatic and not-to-be-denied request to "do it over again." She's a trump card, certain, and would be a valuable acquisition to any theatre in the States. The dramatic season will be brought to a close this evening, and Miss Menken will make her farewell appearance in the following pieces: "Satan in Paris," 5th act of "Richard III," Miss M. as Richmond, and Mr. Henderson as the "crook-back tyrant," and the "French Spy." M'lle Marie also appears in two dances, and Blondin ascends the rope for the last time. Miss Menken has done exceedingly well, considering the times, and has made a favorable impression upon our theatre-goers. Sanford promises to do a big "biz" next week.....Trimbles Varieties continues to jog along in the even tenor of its way. Miss Clara Butler and Mr. Geo. L. Hall have been added to the company since my last.....The news of the death of the gallant Col. Ellsworth has cast a deep gloom over the minds of our citizens. Many of the flags are at half mast, as a mark of respect to his memory, and the fire bells toll a sad requiem. He was well known in our city, and a large circle of friends mourn the untimely loss of so estimable a man and so valuable an officer. *Requiescat in pace.*

From Louisville, we have the following budget in a letter from our correspondent, S. T., dated May 22:—Dear Clipper—Things theatrical still hold out here; although none of the great luminaries have been with us, Messrs. Scallan and Dawson have filled the void (if so it may be called) with as much satisfaction, and to as good houses. Friday, May 4th, was set apart for the benefit of Mrs. Dickson—house good, although it rained—the clerk of the weather appears to have a spite against the favorites here. Saturday evening, Bob Grierson (the Grierson who owns a castle on the banks of the Licking river) took a chance and offered a bill remarkable for its varied attractions and the host of volunteers. Mr. Sidney Smith also kindly remained over for the express purpose of playing for the worthy stage manager. Richard III, by Master Frank Erskine, was done in a very creditable manner; also, the dance by Mrs. Graham, the recitation by Mr. Harry Watson (just from Montgomery). "The Maniac," was not only well done, but appropriate—the great feature of the evening, however, was the glorious old comedy of "The Review," in which the three comedians, Dawson, Smith, and Scallan, all appeared. The house was well filled, although we do not imagine R. C. G. made much lucre; horses and buggies to the outskirts do not pay. Billy Warner, long known to the Louisville public, has also been the recipient of a complimentary; Colin Affriend came to the rescue with his Tea-table Talk; Frank Drew, of Dan Rice's circus, also appeared—good bill and a good house. Various other benefits have been given to numerous military companies, to slim houses. Tuesday evening, May 21st, a benefit was given to the National Greys; "The Review," and "The Robber of the Rhine" were presented; in the latter piece, three of the members of the company played the principal parts. The bills said, "the romantic drama of 'the Robber of the Rhine;'" it was a real burlesque in every sense. The season is rapidly drawing to a close, and a few words for the management will not be out of place. A great many unkind and severe things have been said, and whether there be any truth in them, your correspondent knows not; but this much he will say, that for enterprise, liberality, and good judgment, they have been equalled by few and excelled by none in the western country. While the Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, and Cincinnati theatres have closed their doors weeks ago, this temple of the drama still remains open, and pays its way. All honor to whom honor is due.....The Baisdell Troupe of Swiss Bell Ringers, in conjunction with the Kneass Family, opened at Masonic Temple, for six nights—prices reduced to 25 cents; business poor. They go from here to Madison, Ind.

The Toronto Theatre (Royal Lyceum) has been entirely renovated, and opened by Messrs. Little & Co., with a fair prospect before them. The company comprises Messrs. H. W. Gossin, J. E. Carden, C. S. Porter, Den Thompson, J. V. Bowes, Halford, Manuel, Matthews, Hazlehunt, Mills, Miss Julia Elliott, Miss Annie Wilks, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. S. A. Baker, and M'lle Elise. The Sea of Ice has had a run, but on the 18th and 20th May, Professor Anderson appeared as Rob Roy, supported by his children.

Alex. Robinson & Co.'s show were to have given a performance in Toronto, on the queen's birthday, 24th ult. They were to leave on the night of the 25th.

Miss Cushman is said to have closed her Western and Eastern engagement, in consequence of spraining her foot. *We* thought it was on account of shy houses, but we *might* have been mistaken, you know.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams are at their cozy retreat "on old Long Island's sea girt shore."

A report comes to us from St. Louis that A. H. Davenport is married again, but the report fails to give us the name of the lady. Laura—Honey—is it you, dear? or Miss Fanny Brown?

Johnny Winans, a son of the late John Winans, comedian was accidentally shot by a companion, in Washington, on the 24th May. He may recover.

Dogberry, in a letter dated Indianapolis, May 24, says:—Robinson & Lake's Circus and Menagerie held forth here on the 22d to a glorious house. Business has been bad with them through Kentucky. Enclosed find list of their company, as copied from the hotel register of the Little House, and a copy of their programme sent in my last. Comparisons are *odiferous*:—John Robinson, Wm Lake, W. Odell, J. R. Robinson, J. C. Robinson, J. Robinson, Jr., W. E. Du Crow, W. B. Keeges, S. C. J. Thayer, Costello & Willie, Shone & Rinehart, Gibbs & Blood, Campbell & Robinson, Robert Black, Hiram Birkey, Croford & Conrow, Bruffu & Wingfuld, Crudell & Morris, Smith & Biuskin, Adams & Eldred, Ayers & Raymond, Deforst & Perkins, Blout & Fitzpatrick, Ormson & Hickory, Perdy Welsh, F. Suckett, J. D. Roach, Woods & Dorsey, Charley Rivers. .... The theatre is doing a fair business this week. Manager Busche intends keeping it open as long as it pays X's, and nary longer.....Frank Upner's side show did well. The lovers of the *cirque* here were delighted with the bold, daring riding of James Robinson; the graceful, agile fairy sprite, La Petite Alice; the witty sayings of J. Reynolds; and the broad jokes of Archy Campbell. Bill Lake looks as gallant as ever. The trapeze, by Messrs. Kayes and Ducrow was the best I ever saw. Mr. Thayer, the treasurer, is a gentleman that will bear endorsing.....Miss Marion Macarthy takes a benefit on Friday, the 24th. If the weather is fine she will have a fine house.....Sam Gulick, the Knight of the Brush, is busy on a mammoth panopticon of the war.....Charile Lovett has postponed his aerial tour until the 4th of July, thinking it better not to risk his "spons" in getting up his Mammoth Festival in these troublesome times.

Professor Anderson, with his Temple of Magic, had good houses, for two weeks, at Toronto, so we are told.

Duprez & Green's Minstrels advertized to show at Hannibal, Mo., on the 21st ult., but failed to connect.

Miss Edith Mitchell made her *debut* at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, on the 29th of April, as Lionne, in the Doom of Deville. She was favorably received by a large audience. She is said to have a powerful voice, graceful action, and a good knowledge of stage business. She appeared on the following night as Meg Merrilies. Robert Jones' dramatization of the Hidden Hand was produced on the 6th of May.

The "Young American Serenaders" gave their first and only gift entertainment, in St. Lawrence Hall, Toronto, on the 20th ult., to a middling house only.

Waugh's Mirror of Italy opened in Hannibal, Mo., on the 22d May. Business there is dull steamboats laid up, and nothing doing.

Harry Perry has been cutting up shindies again in San Francisco. Messrs. Lehman and Booth had performed the principal male characters in the absence of Mr. Perry.

Burtis' Varieties, Brooklyn, continues to do an excellent business, notwithstanding the war fever. It is a well conducted place of amusement.

Tommy Pell says that he is not breaking stone for the State of Missouri, and has not been in that State for three months. He is in Leavenworth City, Kansas.

Gus. Shaw's troupe recently exhibited in Omaha City, Nebraska. We presume that the exhibition is on the model artist system, for one of the papers says that a member of the company exhibited more than was on the bill. The performer is said to be an excellent danseuse, and one that can outstrip anything they ever had in those parts.

On the 23d ult, a concert was given at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, by the Zane street Girl's Grammar School, for the benefit of the Volunteer Fund. The house was completely filled, and a large sum must have been realized. The stage presented a beautiful appearance, being filled with school girls, dressed in white, pink and blue, the white predominating, and each one wearing a sash of red, white and blue. Shrubbery and flowers added to the beauty of the scene. Ex-Governor Pollock was present, and made a brief address. The singing was very clever, although the house is too large for such delicate voices. The piece entitled "Music in the Air" was well given. Prof. Bower conducted the entertainment.

The following letter from our correspondent in Chicago, "T. I. F.," dated May 23d, will keep our readers advised of the progress of events in that city:—Dear Clipper—Last week I failed to write to you because there was nothing of interest to communicate, but this week looks a little more promising. Some time ago the excitement here was intense in relation to the great national calamity which has befallen us. Chicago turned out well to the rescue, and performed her work nobly. That having passed, and matters having become a little settled, we are now called upon to contend against a disaster which may prove a sore burden to us if not speedily removed. It is a local war—a war upon our currency—although unfortunate for us, it is really laughable to think of the manner in which our currency is enumerated. It consists of long tail, short tail, dog tail, cat tail, blue tail, and stump tail, not forgetting Durhams short list. Our money is worth all the way from 30 to 90 cents on the dollar. It affects seriously all classes, the professionals as well as the community at large, and our friend McVicker last week very wisely concluded to close his theatre until this matter was settled in some way or another. But this evening he opened again, and it was a beautiful house, too. He opened with Miss Caroline Richings, and her father, Mr. Peter Richings. She appeared as Marie, and he as Cartouche, in the "Daughter of the Regiment," supported by Mrs. Marble, Mrs. Dillon, Mr. Marble, Mr. Myers, Mr. Rainford, Mr. Mordaunt, Mr. Uhl, &c. Miss Richings' Marie was executed in a truly creditable manner, and she has at once installed herself into the very good favor of the Chicago public. Her songs were executed in a beautiful and artistic manner, and were all loudly encored, particularly "Saint a la France," and "Yes we must part." At the conclusion of the first piece, Miss Richings and her father were loudly called for, and as they advanced to the front of the curtain they were again greeted with such thunders of applause that it made the welkin ring. Mac has made a successful strike this time, and he will no doubt do very well. To-morrow night Miss R. appears as "Miriam, the Daughters of the Stars." The Gale sisters are still at Mac's, and this evening they appeared in a beautiful *Pas de Deux*, which was loudly encored.....Mr. Dillon, one of Chicago's favorites at the theatre, has been very dangerously ill for two weeks, but he is now rapidly recovering, and will in all probability be able to resume his station some time next week. Mr. Jas. T. Chambers, a very promising young artist of this city has executed a life size portrait of Dillon, as "old pump," which has been much admired.....Frank Monroe has been confined to his bed with rheumatism for the past three weeks, but still the "Green Room" flourishes as of old.....I hear that Frank Howes is about to visit Chicago. Come along, Frank, your many friends will be glad to shake your hand after an absence of five years. Why can't you bring your Hippopotamus along with you. Your brother John S. is here, and doing well, and I think you could jerk lots of our stumptail currency with the Hippo.....Old Bob Gray is now in the field, in full blast in his Union Concert Hall. He is doing a rushing business, the Hall being crowded every night. On Monday night, Tom Baker and Bob Lindley commence an engagement with him. You said that I made a mistake in stating that Tom Baker and Billy Bain were with Beller's Campbells. I am not mistaken, for I have one of their bills, where they advertise them both.....Dick McGowan is playing an engagement at the Jupiter Concert Hall here..... John H. Myers, comic singer, is here now, out of an engagement .....Don Santiago Gibbonnoise, the contortionist, passed through here yesterday *en route* for Detroit, where he plays an engagement at Beller's Concert Hall.....Freeberthyser's Bell Ringers performed here three nights last week to tolerably fair houses. They will do much better on their next visit.....Sam Porterfield did not go with Mabie's Circus, as was expected, but is playing at the Union here.....Fattie Stewart passed through here last week from St. Louis. He goes to Beller's, at Detroit. Fattie found the times too hot for his corpulent corporosity.....Dubolce's Diorama of The Bombardment of Fort Sumter, and The Civil War in Syria, is now exhibiting at Kingsbury Hall, and is drawing good houses. It is pronounced here the finest work of the kind that has ever visited Chicago.....Pat Vickers is still here, and is keeping a ranche, styled the "Professionals' Retreat." The "nigger singers" are there thicker than toads after a rain.....Billy Roche's "Shanghai" is dead, and Billy has laid down his "bones." "The Shanghai was his;" alas, poor "Shanghai."

Frank Rivers' business improved last week. This week the establishment will close, and the great Melodeon Company will immediately start on their summer travels. The troupe is very large, combining talent in every branch of amusements. There are pantomimists, dancers, singers, actors and actresses, gymnasts, acrobats, etc., etc. The entertainment they offer is entirely different from any ever offered by a travelling company, and cannot fail to please. See advertisement of the movements of Mr. Rivers and his troupe.

The Patriotic drama of the Patriot's Dream is in its third week at the Walnut, Philadelphia. It has had the effect to improve the business of the house.

At Sanford's Opera House, Philadelphia, Miss Eliza Place was announced to make her first appearance on the 27th, in conjunction with Mr. Wm. Bartholomew, and Garden & Hemming's Acrobatic Troupe.

The lot of ground on Chestnut street, above Twelfth, Philadelphia, which was selected some months ago upon which to erect a theatre for Mrs. Bowers, remains in *statu quo*. Mrs. Bowers was compelled to relinquish the speculation, and subsequently Mr. Wheatley was named in connection, but a few bare walls, and "masterly inactivity," give evidence that "somebody is hurt," and that speculators fear to touch the property at present.

Our theatrical friends in Utah Territory continue their theatrical representations. The following letter gives an idea of how they do things out there:—Fort Crittenden, Utah Territory, April 24, 1861—Dear Frank—With this I send you a programme from the Fort Crittenden theatre, also a *something* which I cut from the Deseret *News*. I was in Salt Lake City last week, and saw this company try to do the "Jacobite," and the "Two Bonnycastles," and I assure you that any boy that never got any further than playing behind a bed quilt in his father's barn or woodshed, would be ashamed to be seen playing with a Mormon comedian; for every word he says, he takes a step backward or forward, and whenever he gets off anything funny, he has to stop to laugh himself, before he can go any further, and it is quite common to hear one of the actors say to the prompter, "eh!"—or "what is it?"—or "what d'ye say?" when he wants to be prompted. The prices of admission are 50 cents and 25 cents. Tickets can be had for wheat, oats, potatoes, soap, candles, sugar, coffee, or any other kind of groceries. The evening's entertainment is always commenced with prayer either by a bishop or elder of the church, who are always admitted free. Brigham Young and his family are also dead heads. The following is a copy of the Fort Crittenden Theatre programme:

THEATRE.

Saturday, April 20th, 1861,

BENEFIT OF MRS. HUNTINGTON;

On which occasion will be produced the following brilliant

PROGRAMME:

Commencing with the very popular Drama, by George Coleman (the younger), entitled

THE HEIR AT LAW.

Cicely Homespun.....Mrs Huntington
Dick Dowlass.....Mr Crawford
Lord Duberly alias Daniel Dowlass.....Mr. Willis
Henry Morland.....Mr Dunovan
Dr Pangloss, L L D, and A S S.....Mr Hoard
Zekiel Homespun.....Mr Bradley
Mr Steadfast.....Mr Rayment
Kenrick.....Mr Elliott
Lady Duberly alias Deborah Dowlass.....Mrs Lougee
Caroline Dormer.....Mrs Westwood

Dance, by.....Mrs Lougee and Mr Tague.
Comic Song, by.....Mr Bradley.

By particular request, the second volume of the

DUTCH OPERA,

With the not-to-be-done-away-with Hand Organ and Monkey.

Crawford, Willis, and Mrs. Woodward.

The whole to conclude with the laughable farce called

WANTED 1000 SPIRITED YOUNG MILLINERS FOR THE NEW GOLD DIGGINGS.

Mr Singleton, [a Solicitor].....Mr Bradley
Joe Baggs, [his Clerk].....Mr Crawford
Tom Sipton, [M D Student].....Mr Willis
Selina Smith, Sophy Stokes, Charlotte Simpson, Caroline Jones, Bella Brown, Jemmima Jukes, Young Milliners.....Mrs Huntington, Mrs Westwood, Miss Adams, Miss Pitts, Miss Turner, Mrs Hughes
Angelica Todd, [Milliner's Apprentice].....Mrs Lougee

Admission—Reserved Seats, $1; Box Seats, 50 cents.

Tickets at the usual places. Yours, truly, W. L. Crawford.

A concert was given by Johnny Booker's minstrels, at Jackson, Mich., on the 22d ult., to pay the funeral expenses of the late Dick Slifer. Dick was about 36 years of age, and a native of Rochester, N. Y. His name was a household word all over the United States. He at one time sailed on the lakes, and was at another period, we believe, connected with the packet boats out of Utica, N. Y., in the capacity of steward. Many years ago, Dick was a resident of Detroit, Mich. He danced for the last time in Bronson Hall, Jackson, Mich., on the 18th ult. He was ill at the time, and after the performance went to bed, which—poor fellow—he never left alive. He had many acquaintances and warm friends, who will regret his sudden demise. His remains were interred at Buffalo. Dick was one of the best jig dancers in the country, and of late years has been engaged with the Bryants, Morris Brothers, Sanford's, and other minstrel companies.

Hooley & Campbell's Minstrels will probably appear in Philadelphia next week.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

THE AVONITES meet every Tuesday evening at 211 5th Avenue
42-3m* Harry Eames, President

More Amateurs Off to the Wars.—The following named amateurs are members of Company I, Twelfth Regiment, that arrived at Washington on the 23d ult.:—J. A. Pollock, M Beatty, T. Wallace, W. H. Bennett, P. Healey, J. McKay, and H. E. Spinning. They are all fine young fellows, and no doubt will render a good account of themselves. A few more drafts upon the amateur societies of this city, and there will not be enough left behind to fill out the *roles* of a comedy.

Amateur Theatricals in Utah.—The Deseret Dramatic Association, at Salt Lake City, composed principally of Brigham Young's employees and their relatives, and altogether of the "Saints," rather a unique circumstance in histrionic annals, bear a fair reputation for producing good entertainments, notwithstanding, as may be expected, in the higher walks of the art, the members of the association exhibit few excellencies. The ladies are scarcely on a par with their co-players of the sterner sex. The club perform pieces of a light nature, the minor parts being generally well interpreted.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!—All readers of the Clipper in want of BOOKS, CARDS, PRINTS, STEREOSCOPES, TOBACCO BOXES, CIGAR CASES &c., &c., should be sure to send for our Catalogue before purchasing elsewhere. Address P. O. Box No. 10,
7-11* Shirley Village, Mass.

GREAT PEDESTRIAN SWEEPSTAKES RACES.—The Executive Committee of the FASHION PLEASURE GROUND ASSOCIATION have made arrangements for the following four great sweepstakes races open to all the world. The first to be a ten mile race for a purse of $500, given by the Association, added to an inside sweepstakes entrance of $50 each, to come off on Monday, June 10; entries to close May 29. Second race of five miles, for a purse of $500, added to an inside sweepstakes entrance of $50 each; to close June 10 and be run June 17. Third race of one mile, for a purse of $500, added to an inside sweepstakes entrance of $50 each; to close June 17 and be run June 24. Fourth race of 440 yards, for a purse of $500, added to an inside sweepstakes entrance of $50 each; to close June 24, and be run July 1. All the above races to come off on the Fashion Course, L. I., and under the management of the Association, by whom the Judges and starter will be appointed. Three or more entries for each stake to make a race. Further particulars can be obtained on application at the office of the Clipper. [7] JOSEPH CROCHERON, Manager.

CRICKET.

Best Averages of the Long Island Clubs.—The following is a list of the names of those members of the several clubs of Long Island who rank as first, second and third, according to their average play, during the season of 1860.

EAST NEW YORK.

Names.	Innings.	Runs.	Average and Over.	Highest Score.
Byron	11	107	9.8	32
Hudson	16	149	9.5	31
Shaw	7	57	8.1	24
LONG ISLAND.				
Labon	7	84	12.0	39
H Russell	7	57	8.1	25
Petty	9	56	6.2	26
KINGS COUNTY.				
Sams	6	45	7.3	12
Sadler	11	74	6.8	50
Stacey	8	38	4.6	16
AMERICAN.				
Brainard	6	48	8.0	17
Creighton	12	57	5.7	27
C Walden	6	31	5.1	17
SATELLITE.				
Higgons	7	97	13.6	57
Walton	8	69	8.5	27
Tribeck	9	66	7.3	15
FLATBUSH.				
Bagley	6	30	5.0	14
White	8	40	5.0	17
Saunders	8	28	3 4	17
EAST WILLIAMSBURGH.				
Colman	4	18	4.2	7
J Roberts	4	18	4.2	7
Wright	4	10	2.2	9
BROOKLYN WILLOW CLUB.				
Garrison	10	241	24.1	43
Bainbridge	10	120	12.0	29
Pearce	7	150	21.3	38

The averages of the Queens County we did not receive. Those of the players of the Brooklyn Cricket Association now known as the Willow Club, are the result of matches played among themselves, as they did not play a regular match with any other club; hence the high figures of their average play. The clubs now in existence on the Island are as follows:—East New York, Long Island, American, Satellite, Queens County, Flatbush, East Williamsburgh, and Willow Cubs. The Kings County Club is defunct, we believe; and, as far as that is concerned, we presume that the only clubs that will engage in contests this season to any extent are the East New York, Long Island, and Satellite. Should the others contemplate active operations in the way of matches, we should be pleased to hear from them at an early date.

United vs Jackson.—A well contested match, and one that furnished excellent sport and lively times, owing to the rapid "driving" and "cutting" of the leathern sphere, came off at Camden, N. J., on the 11th inst, between the above named clubs. It will be observed by the footing up the totals of the former's two innings, that the latter had 124 runs to make, to win, in their last, which they made noble efforts to execute, but like many other designs of human origin, that we wot of, they failed in accomplishing. Of the batsmen who did signal service for their respective causes, Coates, of the Jackson, stands foremost with a score of 64, comprising 6 threes, 12 twos, and 22 singles; Maguire, of the same side, scored 26, by 4 threes, 3 twos, and singles. For the opposition, Thompson "got her away" for 26 in his second innings by some very pretty hits, ably assisted by Worrall. Other good scores were made, as recorded below, but not up to the above standard. The bowling was good, but not equal to the batting as a general thing; some tall fielding was done, and as the score exhibits, the nimble fingers on both sides held on to the ball often before it had landed on *terra firma*, to the frequent discomfiture of the batsmen, who had gathered themselves up for a sprint race between wickets. We append a summary of the play:—

UNITED.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Maguire l b w b McGowan	26	l b w b McGowan	10
Coates b Thompson	64	c Thompson b McGowan	10
Middleton c Bell b McGowan	11	b Cunnington	8
Leeson b McGowan	1	b Thompson	10
Setley b Howlson	0	b McGowan	2
Sweeney b Thompson	2	b Thompson	4
Ayers not out	7	b Thompson	1
Gallager b Cunnington	3	not out	4
Byes 3, no balls 2, wides 9	14	Byes 2, wides 6	8
Total	128	Total	63

JACKSON.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Greene l b w b Setley	0	b Sweeney	0
Worrall b Setley	9	b Maguire	18
McGowan b Setley	3	c Sweeney b Coates	6
Bell b Maguire	5	b Setley	4
Thompson c Ayers b Setley	11	c Middleton b Sweeney	26
Walton c Middleton b Maguire	0	not out	1
Becket l b w b Setley	11	b Maguire	0
Cunnington run out	2	c Coates b Maguire	6
Howlson not out	1	b Maguire	6
Porter b Setley	0	c Ayers b Maguire	0
Gratz b Setley	0	b Maguire	4
Byes 7, wides 19	26	Byes 11, no ball 1, wides 13	25
Total	68	Total	96

Chippewa vs Jackson.—These Philadelphia cricket clubs played a match on the 23d ult., in which some excellent play was exhibited, and good scores made against fair bowling and fielding. The match, as will be observed by the score, was closely contested to the finish, the Chippewa winning by only one run, in a score of over two hundred. The score:—

CHIPPEWA.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Pratt b Cunnington	0	c Walker b McGowan	13
Chambers b Cunnington	6	b Worrall	1
Donaghue b McGowan	10	c Howlson b Lochary	4
Hurley c Green b Maguire	28	b McGowan	9
Wallace b Worrall	13	b Lochary	0
Barry b Cunnington	4	run out	1
Lownes handled ball	4	not out	5
Merrill c Walker b Maguire	14	b Lochary	0
Kelly run out	5	c McGowan b Maguire	8
Dingee b Worrall	15	b Lochary	5
Stallman not out	8	b Worrall	6
Byes 12, wides 16, leg byes 5	33	Byes 3, wides 11	14
Total	140	Total	86

JACKSON.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Worrall b Pratt	1	b Pratt	3
McGowan l b w b Hurley	2	c Pratt b Hurley	9
Cunnington b Hurley	1	b Pratt	7
Maguire not out	60	b Pratt	28
Bell c Kelly b Hurley	1	c Hurley b Pratt	0
A'Becket b Wallace	3	b Pratt	2
Green l b w b Hurley	4	c Stallman b Barry	0
Lochary c Barry b Hurley	3	not out	39
Howlson b Pratt	7	b Hurley	4
Flanigan b Pratt	0	b Pratt	0
Walker c Hurley b Pratt	2	b Barry	13
Byes 6, wides 9	15	Byes 6, wides 4, leg bye 1

BULL BAITING AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

About the middle of July, the now almost obsolete entertainment of bull-baiting used to take place. The way it was practised in Ireland was to slip mastiff dogs at the bull, who was allowed but little liberty to defend himself. A halter, and sometimes a chain, was fastened about his neck, with one end firmly bound to a stake or the trunk of a low tree. There, at bay, like a model of desperation, with his head bent, red eyes rolling, and the hot breath steaming from his extended nostrils, he waits the spring of his torturer. The dog grasps at his muzzle, and strains with ferocious energy to bind his head to the ground, the bull breathes fast and loud, the hair ruffles up about his neck, and, with a sudden toss, he flings the wretched dog many yards into the air. "Take your bitch away, Conny," cries a huge savage to a limp-legged fellow, once called Cornelius by the priest, and, ever since, Cony, by his familiars; "draw dat dog off, if you plase, or I'll be after skivering him wid dis little knife." "Draw de parson's sowl out o' purgatory! do you take me for an idit this blessed minit? Draw de crature off yerself, and lave prating to de members o' Parliment. (Here the bull tosses into the elements the unfortunate dog, which descends a corpse.) By de sowl I have to save," continues Cony, "if de dog arnt done for! bad cess to de horns dat tossed you, my jewel, dere wasn't your match from Douglas to Blackpool! A thin! 'tis little you needs de vittals now a hinny! de only *graves** you asks for is a cowld grave, and dats what de best of us must rowl our bones in, one day or oder. Mille murther and ouns! what a sudden decase you had! not de skreg of a minit to bid us good bye dacently. Cant'lon, you'll give us a pup de next brood you has, wont you? 'cause I'm cruel lonely widout a companion in de slaughter-house?" Peck, in his *Antiquities of Stamford*, describes a pastime somewhat similar to the foregoing. He says, "The second sport, though more antient than the former†, yet more beastlike than any: it is their bull-running. A sport of no pleasure, except to such as take pleasure in beastliness and mischief. The butchers of the towne, at their own charge, provide the wildest bull they can get. This bull over night, is had into some stable or barne belonging to the alderman. The next morning proclamation is made by the common bellman of the towne, round about the same, that each one shut up their shops, doors, and gates, and that none, upon payne of imprisonment, offer to do any violence to strangers. For the preventing whereof (the towne being a great thorough-fare, and then being term-time) a guard is appointed for the passing of travellers through the same, without any hurt or molestation. And that none have any iron upon their bull-clubs, or other staffes which they pursue the bull with, which proclamation made, and the shops and gates all shut up, the bull is turned out of the alderman's house, and then hivie, skivie; tag, and rag; men, women, and children of all sorts and sizes, with all the dogs in the towne, promiscuously run after him, with their bull-clubs spattering dirt in each others faces, that one would think them to be so many furies started out of hell for the punishment of Cerberus, as when Theseus and Pirithous conquered that place, as Ovid describes it:—

> A ragged troupe of boyes and girles
> Doe follow him with stones;
> With clubs, with whips, with many nips,
> They part his skin from bones.

And, which is the greater shame, I have seen both senatores majorum gentium et matrones de codem gradu, following bulling-business." These were but variations of the bull-fights of the Spaniards, and the lion-fights of imperial Rome; the same wanton and depraved cruelty seems to have originated each. But, perhaps, there was more of what we term brutal in the amusement of the English, for it involved the torture of the poor animal only, without the exhibition of that daring courage and dexterity observable in the sports of the other countries. Bourgoin says the Spanish bull-fights commence with a kind of promenade round the arena, "where appear on horseback, as well as on foot, the athletic heroes who are to be matched with the furious animals, all dressed in the elegance of Spanish costume. The *picadores* wear a round hat, half covered with a short cloak, of which the sleeves float loose in the air; they are seated in the saddle, and have, instead of boots, only gaiters, made of white leather; those on foot (*chulos*) wear a dress very similar, but more costly‡; both have a short waistcoat of silk of a bright color, trimmed with ribbons, a scarf of the same color, and their hair put in a large net of silk. When this promenade is over, one or two *alguazils*, on horseback, dressed in a black robe and a wig, advance gravely, and ask of him who presides at the festival the order for beginning it. The signal is immediately given; the animal, which has hitherto been kept in a kind of shed, the door of which opens into the arena, appears.

"The bull is received and stunned by their cries and the noisy expression of their joy. He has immediately to defend himself against the combatants on horseback (called *picadores*), who attack him with a long lance. This exercise, which requires at once address, courage, and strength, has nothing disgraceful in it; formerly the first grandees did not disdain to partake of it. The *picadores* open the scene—often the bull, without being provoked, flies at them—and everybody augurs favorably of his valor. If, in spite of the weapon which repulsed his attack, he return again immediately to the charge, the cries redouble; but if the bull, in a pacific, confounded manner, sneaks round the place, the murmurs and hissings fill the whole edifice. If nothing can excite his courage, he is judged unworthy to be tormented by men, and the cries of 'the dogs, the dogs,' redouble, and his enemies increase; enormous large dogs are let loose on him, who get hold of his neck and ears; the dogs are thrown into the air; they get up again, recommence the combat, and finish, in common by dragging their antagonist to the ground, where he perishes by an ignoble blow."

One of the principal diversions of the early French court was the combat of wild beasts, introduced probably from Italy. In the second year of Pepin, surnamed the Dwarf, the king being present at one of these spectacles, a monstrous lion had attacked a bull and had nearly strangled him. "Which of you," cried the regal dwarf to his surrounding nobles, "will go and succor yon bull?" They looked at each other and were silent. Pepin leaped into the arena, sabre in hand, and with a single blow, cut off the head of the lion! "Am I worthy," he added, as he replaced himself amidst his courtiers, "am I worthy to be your king?"

That powerful romance, *Salathiel*, has the very best description of a Roman lion fight; it presents us the scene with wonderful distinctness, and we shrink with as natural horror as if the victim were before us, and the savage lion leaping forward to assail him. The reader, that has not read the work, will be impatient to do so after perusing the following chapter of it.

"The emperor's arrival commenced the grand display. He took his place under the curtains of the royal pavilion. The dead were removed; perfumes were scattered through the air; rose-water was sprinkled from silver tubes on the exhausted multitude; music resounded; incense burned; and, in the midst of these preparations of luxury, the terrors of the lion combat began.

"A portal of the arena opened, and the combatant, with a mantle thrown over his face and figure, was led in, surrounded by soldiery. The lion roared and ramped against the bars of its den at the sight. The guard put a sword and buckler into the hands of the Christian, and he was left alone. He drew the mantle from his face, and bent a slow and firm look around the amphitheatre. His fine countenance and lofty bearing raised a universal shout of admiration. He might have stood for an Apollo encountering the Python. His eye at last turned on mine. Could I believe my senses! Constantius was before me!

"The gate of the den was thrown back, and the lion rushed in with a roar and a bound that bore him half across the arena. I saw the sword glitter in the air; when it waved again it was covered with blood, and a howl told that the blow had been driven home. The lion, one of the largest from Numidia, and made furious by thirst and hunger, an animal of prodigious power, couched for an instant, as if to make sure of his prey, crept a few paces onward, and sprang at the victim's throat. He was met by a second wound, but his impulse was irresistible, and Constantius was flung upon the ground. A cry of natural horror rang round the amphitheatre. The struggle was now for instant life or death. They rolled over each other; the lion reared on its hind feet, and, with gnashing teeth and distended talons, plunged on the man; again they rose together. Anxiety was now at its wildest height. The sword swung round the champion's head in bloody circles. They fell again, covered with gore and dust. The hand of Constantius had grasped the lion's mane, and the furious bounds of the monster could not loose the hold; but his strength was evidently giving way; he still struck terrible blows, but each was weaker than the one before; till, collecting his whole force for a last effort, he darted one mighty blow into the lion's throat, and sank. The savage yelled, and, spouting out blood, fled bellowing round the arena. But the hand still grasped the mane, and his conqueror was dragged whirling through the dust at his heels. A universal cry now arose to save him, if he were not already dead. But the lion, though bleeding from every vein, was still too terrible, and all shrank from the hazard. At length the grasp gave way, and the body lay motionless on the ground.

"What happened for some moments after I know not. There was a struggle at the portal; a female forced her way through the guards, rushed in alone, and flung herself upon the victim. The sight of a new prey roused the lion; he tore the ground with his talons; he lashed his streaming sides with his tail; he lifted up his mane, and bared his fangs. But his approach was no longer with a bound; he dreaded the sword, and came snuffing the blood on the sands, and stealing round the body in circles still diminishing. The confusion in the vast assembly was now extreme. Voices innumerable called for aid. Women screamed and fainted; men burst out into indignant clamors at this prolonged cruelty. Even the hard hearts of the populace, accustomed as they were to the sacrifice of life, were roused to honest curses. The guards grasped their arms, and waited but for a sign from the emperor; but Nero gave no sign.

"I looked upon the woman's face. It was Salome! I sprang upon my feet. I called on her name; I implored her by every feeling of nature to fly from that place of death, to come to my arms, to think of the agonies of all that loved her.

"She had raised the head of Constantius on her knee, and was wiping the pale visage with her hair. At the sound of my voice she looked up, and calmly casting back the locks from her forehead, fixed her gaze upon me. She still knelt; one hand supported the head, with the other she pointed to it as her only answer. I again adjured her. There was a silence of death among the thousands around me. A sudden fire flashed into her eye, her cheek burned. She waved her hand with an air of superb sorrow.

"'I am come to die,' she uttered in a lofty tone. 'This bleeding body was my husband. I have no father. The world contains to me but this clay in my arms. 'Yet'—and she kissed the ashy lips before her—'yet, my Constantius, it was to save that father that your generous heart defied the peril of this hour. It was to redeem him from the hand of evil that you abandoned a quiet home! Yea, cruel father, here lies the noble being that threw open your dungeon, that led you safe through conflagration, that to the last moment of his liberty only thought how he might preserve and protect you.' Tears at length fell in floods from her eyes. 'But,' said she, in a tone of wild horror, 'he was betrayed; and may the power whose thunders avenge the cause of his people, pour down just retribution upon the head that dared'——

"I heard my own condemnation about to be uttered by the lips of my child. Wound up to the last degree of suffering, I tore my hair, leaped on the bars before me, and plunged into the arena by her side. The height was stunning: I tottered forward a few paces and fell. The lion gave a roar, and sprang upon me. I lay helpless under him. I felt his fiery breath—I saw his lurid eye glaring—I heard the gnashing of his white fangs above me.

"An exulting shout arose. I saw him reel as if struck. Gore filled his jaws. Another mighty blow was driven to his heart. He sprang high in the air, with a howl. He dropped; he was dead. The amphitheatre thundered with acclamation.

"With Salome clinging to my bosom, Constantius raised me from the ground. The roar of the lion had roused him from his swoon, and two blows saved me. The falchion was broken in the heart of the monster. The whole multitude stood up supplicating for our lives in the name of filial piety and heroism. Nero, devil as he was, dared not resist the strength of the popular feeling.

"He waved a signal to the guards; the portal was opened, and my children, sustaining my feeble steps, and showered with garlands and ornaments by innumerable hands, slowly led me from the arena.

* A coarse, greasy food for dogs. † Horse-racing.

‡ We were told an anecdote of one of these, which struck us as being characteristic. His mistress had presented him with a splendid suit of apparel, which he, with great gallantry, endeavored to prevent being soiled: the spectators perceiving that he showed not the usual signs of having shared in the danger, cried out, "Coward, coward, he is afraid of his fine clothes!" which stinging him to the soul, he, deliberately and with great dignity, thrice wiped his reeking sword over the splendid dress, and, midst the acclamation of the arena, rushed upon the bull like a hero.

§ Auquetil.

The Boy.—There is nothing, says Griswold, a man does that a boy won't try to imitate. He makes ships and sails them, constructs dams and water-wheels, builds houses, and railroads, and monuments, and churches with tall steeples, and crystal palaces and Great Easterns; digs the Thames tunnel through a hay-stack; lays a submarine telegraph of grape vine across a frog-pond, establishing instantaneous communication between England and America, and then celebrates the event with bonfires and illuminations. He can "sculp" a Perry statue out of snow or clay, whichever is to be had, and can get up a 10th of September celebration on the briefest notice. With a ready facility he leaves off circus riding to start a "revival," turns a temperance meeting where he has just signed the pledge into a mimic bacchanal, and abandons the pulpit to become a brigand or pirate.

At present the boyish mind is entirely absorbed in "military." His ear is alert for the sound of the fife and drum, and the sight of marching soldiers infuses his spirit with warlike ardor. He tires not of following the troops in their marchings, and thinks he could carry a gun with the best of them. He sagely criticises the raw recruits from the top of the camp fence, and if driven off by a sentinel's bayonet he learns the entire manual of arms with his ear at a convenient knot-hole. The boy gives his mother no peace until she furnishes his trowsers with a military stripe, and provides him with a Zouave jacket and fatigue cap. If he has a faculty to command among his fellows he is captain of a military company before this, and if you are at all observing you can see portions of the incipient army of the Union a dozen times a day, marching, counter-marching and drilling. They will some day make soldiers upon whom the country can and will rely. All honor to the Boy!

Coming to the Scratch.—It is said that down east as soon as a young lady is engaged to be married, she suffers her finger-nails to grow long, so that, in case she should be obliged to throw himself on her reserved rights, she may come to the scratch with some prospect of success.

A Hint to the Humane Society.—Mrs. Partington says that the only way to prevent steamboat explosions is to make the engineers 'bile their water on shore." In her opinion, all the bustin' is done by cooking the steam on board

ARCHERY.

There is no art more conspicuous for the high degree of perfection to which it has been carried in Great Britain, than that of archery. With their ancestors it had a double purpose to answer, that of a means of destruction in war, and an object of amusement in time of peace. The skill of the English, however, has always been proverbial; their many and glorious victories are their best eulogiums. By the Saxons, or Danes, though well acquainted with the use of the bow, it was used principally for pastime, or for the purpose of procuring food, in times anterior to the conquest. Under the Normans, who used their bow as a military weapon, the practice of archery was much improved, and generally diffused throughout the kingdom; it was, in the age of chivalry, considered an essential part of the education of a young man who wished to distinguish himself. Notwithstanding the advantages of the practice of archery, it seems to have been neglected even when the glory of the English archers was at its greatest height, in the reign of Edward III., for we find a letter from that monarch to the sheriffs of London declaring that the skill in shooting with arrows was almost totally laid aside for the pursuit of various useless and unlawful games; he, therefore, commands them to prevent such idle practices within the city and liberties of London, and to see that the leisure time upon holidays was spent in recreations with bows and arrows. In the fifth year of Edward IV., an ordinance was made commanding every Englishman and Irishman dwelling in England to have a long bow of his own height; the act directs that butts should be made in every township, at which the inhabitants were to shoot up and down upon all feast days, under the penalty of one halfpenny for every time they omitted to perform this exercise. In the sixteenth century we find heavy complaints of the disuse of the long bow, especially in the vicinity of London. Stowe attributes this to the enclosures made near the metropolis, by which means the citizens were deprived of room sufficient or proper for the purpose. In the reign of Henry VIII., three several acts were made for promoting the practice of shooting with the long bow; yet, notwithstanding the interference of the legislature in its favor, archery gradually declined, and at the conclusion of the seventeenth century was nearly, if not altogether, discontinued. An author in the time of Queen Elizabeth informs us that it was necessary the archer should have a bracer, or close sleeve, to lace upon the left arm; this bracer should be made of materials sufficiently rigid to prevent any folds that might impede the bow-string when loosed from the hand; to this was to be added a shooting glove for the protection of the fingers. The bow, he tells us, ought to be made of well seasoned wood, and formed with great exactness, tapering from the middle towards each end. Bows were sometimes made of Brazil, of elm, of ash, and several other woods, but yew was held in most esteem. With regard to the bow-string, the author was undecided which to prefer, he would therefore leave the choice to the string maker. A thin string casts the arrow further, a thick string gives greater certainty. For the arrow, he says, there are three essential parts, the stile, or wand, the feathers, and the head. The stile was not always made of the same sort of wood, but varied as occasion required to suit the different manners of shooting practised by the archers. Our author then gives some instruction as to the management of the bow, and first recommends a graceful attitude.

Another writer says, "the shooter should stand fairly and upright with his body, his left foot at a convenient distance before his right, holding the bow by the middle, with his left arm stretched out, and with the first three fingers and the thumb of the right hand upon the lower part of the arrow affixed to the string of the bow." Secondly, a proper attention was to be paid to the notching, that is, the application of the notch at the bottom of the arrow to the bow-string; the notch of the arrow should rest between the fore-finger and the middle-finger of the right hand. Thirdly, the proper drawing of the bow-string is to be attended to. In ancient times, the right hand was brought to the right pap, but at present it is elevated to the right ear; the latter method is to be preferred. The shaft of the arrow below the feathers ought to be rested upon the knuckle of the fore-finger of the left hand, the arrow to be drawn to the head, and not held too long in that situation, but neatly and smartly discharged without any hanging upon the string.

The requisites necessary to constitute a good archer are a clear sight steadily directed to the mark, and proper judgment to determine the distance of the ground; he ought to know also, how to take advantage of a side wind, and to be well acquainted with what compass his arrows would require in their flight; courage is also an indispensable requisite, for he who shoots with trepidation is sure to shoot badly. One great fault is to be noticed in young archers—the direction of the eye to the end of the arrow rather than to the mark. This evil habit may be obviated by shooting in the dark, by night, at lights set up at a proper distance for that purpose. In the time of Henry VIII., a company of archers met at Shooter's Hill, on May day morning, where they discharged their bows in presence of the king, and the arrows made a loud whistling in their flight, "by crafte of the heade." The strangeness of the noise surprised his majesty, who was, nevertheless, much pleased with the contrivance. We are assured by a modern author, that this noise was occasioned by holes made in the arrow heads, and that such weapons were used as signals upon military occasions. We must not judge of the merits of ancient bowmen from the practice of archery in the present day. There are no such distances now assigned for the marks as we find mentioned in old historians or old poetical legends; nor such precision even at short lengths in the direction of the arrow.* Few, if any, of the modern archers in long shooting reach four hundred yards, or in shooting at a mark exceed eighty or a hundred. But we must recollect that archery is now followed only for amusement, and as a delightful and healthful exercise for both sexes. Strutt says, "I remember about four or five years back, at a meeting of the Society of Archers, in their ground near Bedford Square, the Turkish Ambassador paid them a visit, and complained that the enclosure was by no means sufficiently extensive for a long shot: he therefore went into the adjacent fields to show his dexterity; where I saw him shoot several arrows more than double the length of the archery ground, and his longest shot fell upwards of four hundred and eighty yards from his standing. The bow he used was much shorter than that used by the English archers, and his arrows were of the bolt kind, with round heads made of wood."

* "The stranger he made no mickle ado,
But he bent a right good bow,
And the fattest of all the herd he slew,
Forty good yards him fro.
Well shot! well shot! quoth Robin Hood, &c."
Old Ballad.

Horse-back Exercise.—The stamina of constitution and vigor of body so much superior in former generations as compared with the present, was owing in a great degree to exercise on horseback. Years ago, it was almost the only means of land transportation, save on foot, for carriages and pleasure wagons have come into general use within the present century. Horseback exercise for both sexes was general and common within the memory of many now living, as it is now in New England and other portions of our country, particularly the South.

It gives robustness to the countenance, cheerfulness to the spirits, and health to the viscera. In internal disease it is too much neglected. Dyspepsia, billious complaints, and consumption, have increased in ratio proportionate to the neglect of the saddle and pillion.

Influenza in Horses.—A successful tonic for this disease, is tincture of iron in drm. doses, twice a day, oatmeal or cornmeal gruel with a little brandy, wine, or good rye whiskey, say about three ounces to a quart of gruel, to be given twice a day; any mucilaginous drinks would be proper at any time of the day.

Books, "Books," Books.—Notice.—Removal.—The rapid increase of our business has obliged us to Remove from our former location, 76, to the new marble buildings, which have just been erected at 86 Nassau street, to which our readers will please direct all orders for *Books* and other articles—any orders that may have been sent to 76 will reach us, as our *Post Office Box* obviates any miscarriage of letters. With our increased facilities, we are enabled to attend to all orders for Books, Cards, Prints, Sporting articles and merchandise of any and every description, (large or small), with the utmost promptness, forwarding the same on the day received, and packed in the most compact and substantial manner, at the lowest market price, post paying all books and articles sent by mail. Any book you see advertised no matter where, or by whom published, enclose the price in cash, or stamps, to our address, and you will receive the work ordered by return of mail—Post paid. If you wish a Catalogue, write—we pay postage. If you wish to know the price of any article of merchandise or any book you may be in want of, write, we will give you the information and pay postage on your letter. If you really wish something good, send for our catalogue it will please you certain. Address, Thomas Ormsby,
General Purchasing Agency, 86 Nassau street, New York.

Michael Phelan's
Improved

Billiard Tables
and
Combination Cushions.
Protected by Letters Patent dated Feb. 19, 1856; Oct. 23, 1856. Dec. 8, 1857; Jan. 12, 1858; Nov. 16, 1858; and March 29, 1895.
The recent improvements in these Tables make them unsurpassed in the world. They are now offered to scientific Billiard players as combining speed with truth never before obtained in any Billiard Table.
Salesroom, Nos. 786 and 788 Broadway, New York.
Manufactory, Nos. 63, 65, 67 and 69 Crosby street.
PHELAN & COLLENDER,
Sole Manufacturers.

PHELAN'S NEW BOOK.—"The Game of Billiards," 4th edition, enlarged, revised, illustrated with additional diagrams and a portrait on steel of the author. Price, one dollar, elegantly bound, sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price.
PHELAN & COLLENDER,
63, 65, 67, and 69 Crosby street.

Extra!
BOOKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
BOOKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
BOOKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
CATALOGUES SENT FREE.
CATALOGUES SENT FREE.
CATALOGUES SENT FREE.
READ THIS.
READ THIS.
READ THIS.
DO YOU WISH ANYTHING FROM NEW YORK?
IF YOU DO,
YOU CAN HAVE ANY BOOK YOU SEE ADVERTISED SENT TO YOUR ADDRESS, POST PAID, BY REMITTING THE PRICE IN CASH OR STAMPS.
You can have any article you wish that cannot be obtained in the city or town where you reside, sent to your address lower than you could buy it yourself.
THE OLD ESTABLISHED
THOMAS ORMSBY'S
COMMISSION BUREAU, AND
GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,
No. 86 Nassau street, New York.
BOOKS, CARDS, PLAYING CARDS, PRINTS, CHEAP PUBLICATIONS, FANCY GOODS, GLOVES, FOILS,
SPORTING ARTICLES,
and
MERCHANDISE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
Purchased and forwarded to any part of the United States or Canadas, at the lowest rates. Catalogues sent free. References given when required. Any information promptly transmitted without charge
Send for a Catalogue,
Send for a Catalogue,
Send for a Catalogue,
and address
and address
THOMAS ORMSBY,
General Purchasing Agent,
86 Nassau street, New York.
P. S.—All books formerly advertised in this paper sent as usual.

Books, Prints, &c.,
Of every description.
CATALOGUES FORWARDED
TO THE COUNTRY
UPON THE RECEPTION OF A
THREE CENT STAMP.
Address A. GORDON,
49k 95 Duane street, New York.

Paper, Paper, Paper.—The largest stock of book, news and wrapping paper in the city.
STRAW BOARDS and STRAW PAPERS for Shipping.
CANDLE-WICK and CAP-WASTE.
47-tfv 8 BEEBE, HALL & SANDS, 27 Beekman st.

Books! Books!! Books!!!
Sporting Articles, Cards and Prints.
J. H. FARRELL, Bookseller, 14 and 16 Ann st., New York.
Books of every variety, either Foreign or Domestic, furnished on application.
Parties desiring books of any description, by sending address, post paid, will receive immediate attention.
All Books, Sporting and Fancy Articles you may see advertized, will be furnished to order.
Catalogues sent on application. Address
J. H. FARRELL,
Dealer in Books and Fancy Articles,
47-4t* 14 and 16 Ann street, New York.

Books, Prints, Cards, &c.—
CATALOGUES
sent to the country on receipt of a three cent stamp.
Address
JOHN ATCHISON,
93 Duane street, N. Y.
No fraud practised. No agents employed. 9

Boxing and Sword Gloves, Riding and Shooting Leggins, and Buckskin Shooting Coats, manufactured by
HEALY & CO.,
8-tf S. E. cor. Fourth and Chesnut sts., Philad'a, Pa.

Game Fowls.—For sale and always on hand for breeding, or Pit purposes, such as English, Irish, Derbies, Sefton, Mexicans, and all of the most popular breeds imported into this country; also, two pairs of imported fowls for sale. Eggs $3 per dozen. Address L. B. LEGG, Box 65, Dover, N. H. 47

"While we live, let us live."
J. A. WALNUT,
OYSTER AND DINING SALOON,
212 Broadway, cor. Fulton st., New York.
8-tf OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

The Old Established Book Agency.—Orders respectfully solicited. Send for a Circular.
[6-tf] HENRY STEPHENS, 85 Nassau street, New York.

Mercer Assembly Rooms, 87 Mercer street.—Assembly Balls every evening. Dancing commences at o'clock
[4-tf] J. ROOME, Manager.

Books, Cards, Prints, etc.—Catalogues sent free. Address N. B. HOWARD & CO., 23 Ann street, N. Y. 6

See here.—Catalogues of all kinds of books sent free. Address J. C. KING, 40 Ann st., N. Y. city. 5-4t

"Do you want whiskers?"
These manly ornaments are desired by all men, but on some men's faces they will not grow. Now, if you want beard, you must use my Onguent, (established 1852,) which, without staining or injuring the skin, will force them to grow within six weeks from the first application. Sold by dealers generally. Price $1, or I send it by mail, postage free, anywhere.
7-1t* R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau st., New York.

Fun.—Send stamp to Box 675 Milan, Ohio, and receive by return mail something that will please you. 7-4t*